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For the National Era.

MOLLY GRAHAM:

OR, HOW JOHNNY WON HIS FIDDLE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

CHAPTER IV.

The moon had sunk behind the Umpowoag hills, and the bustle and confusion of the camp well nigh subsided into silence, when it was announced to General Putnam that an old man and a young girl desired to speak with him. He immediately gave the order for their admittance; and, in spite of her assumed courage and the close pressure of her grandfather's hand, Molly Graham felt her limbs tremble beneath her, when they stood alone in the presence of the redoubted chieftain.

The old man, after bowing his gray head in token of respect, stood erect as the General himself; but the maiden courtesied without daring to raise her eyes. Putnam gazed at them a moment in silence, and then, in the deep, brief tones that bespoke the man of action, asked—

"Your business, friends. In what can I aid you?"

Molly looked up, and gathered courage, for there was something in that weather-beaten, but honest, open face, that made each one that gazed upon it feel the truth of General Washington's words, when he said to Putnam, "Sir, you seem to have the faculty of infusing your own spirit into your troops." Relinquishing her grandfather's hand, she stepped forward, and briefly but succinctly related her tale. When she spoke of young Stanforth's halt at the house of Glover, a frown gathered on the officer's brow, which grew dark as the night without, as she went on to detail the plot of the traitors, but without mentioning their names; for she had been determined from the first not to implicate Bill Glover, if possible, for his family's sake. But suddenly the General interrupts her with, in his deep, stern tones—

"Who are these men? Their names, girl!"

She hesitated; and he impatiently repeated, as he strode across the floor—

"Their names, I say! Of course, you know them! Why don't you tell?"

"I *dare* not," was the low but firm reply.

"Ha! How now!" exclaimed the chieftain, pausing abruptly before her, and gazing in her face. "And may I ask why you can't tell?" he added, with a blending of sarcasm and suspicion in his tone, after a moment's pause.

"Because—because," she began, struggling to keep back the tears, "one of them, who is but the dupe of the other, has been kind to me; and, besides, he has a large family of little helpless children. One of them helped me to come here to-night; and if trouble overtakes them, it must come through some other hands than mine. I have told you all I can, sir, and told the truth. Come, gran'ther, let us go home," she added, taking the old man's hand, and turning away.

"Stay!" exclaimed the General. "It is no great matter; we shall get at the bottom of this affair, somehow; so you may keep your secret. I won't even ask your grandfather to betray it," he added, smiling. "Tell Whiting to request Colonels Hazen and Sheldon to come to my quarters," he said, to the sentinel at the door. Then, turning to Molly, he added—

"You are a good girl, and I wish half our troops had your pluck—a good girl, and a brave one, and, I suppose, an old man like me may be permitted to add, a pretty one, too. The British wonder how we hold out so well, my old friend," he said, turning to Andie Graham; "but, did they know our women, they would not ask again."

"True, returned the old man, with simple dignity; "it is wonderful to see how the hands of the feeble are strengthened, and the courage of the strong man found in the hearts of little children. But hath He not said, 'As thy day is, so shall be thy strength!'"

Colonels Sheldon and Hazen soon entered; and, after a rapid statement of the case by the General, and a few more questions addressed to them by the two first-named officers, Andie Graham and his grand-daughter were free to depart.

As they were turning away, Putnam, ever quick and impetuous in all his movements and feelings, stepped forward, and laying his hand on Molly's head, said, fervently—

"God bless you, my daughter. You have done a good deed to-night, and the memory of it will be a far better reward than praise of man. Yet, remember, General Putnam thanks you from his heart; and, by God's help, your efforts to save these brave men shall not be in vain. Ho, there, Whiting! An escort for this old man and maiden!"

Andie Graham hastened to decline the proffered escort, and, accompanied by Sheldon, whose deep interest in the fate of his favorite young officer led him to prosecute his inquiries still further, left the room. At the gate, they found Harry Lawton awaiting them, with the bridle of his horse thrown over his arm. The young trooper belonged to the company to whom orders had just been despatched to hold themselves in readiness to mount; and Sheldon's brow darkened as he recognised him; and his stern, "How now, Lawton!" made the young girl tremble.

With a low bow, young Lawton stated that he had permission from his captain to ride on in advance of his troop, in order to escort his old neighbors home; and that he was to wait for his companions at the "Bend," about a mile below.

This would have probably availed him little with the strict disciplinarian, had it not been for a glance the latter caught of Molly's face, as the light from Putnam's windows fell broad upon it. Sheldon possessed the key to that expression in his own experience, and the frown gave place to a smile, as he said—

"Well, well, for once in the way, it may do. But see that you do not linger," he added, decidedly.

He did not linger—even though Andrew Graham hurried through the little yard, intercepting the young brother as he bounded out to meet them, and took him back to his grandmother's side—at least, only for a moment, just to listen to a few such sweet chidings as these:

"Do be more careful, Harry! You are so thoughtless, so venturesome. For your mother's sake—for mine! If this news of mine should bring evil upon you, I should die!"

And the warm tears, so long repressed, fell freely on the young trooper's hand.

"Why, Molly, who would have thought of your turning coward, at last—you, whom General Putnam himself has called brave this very night—brave and good, as you are; you, who have always had an encouraging word for a fellow, before! If you hadn't acted so bravely to-night, I should think you had caught some of the cowardice of the Tories down in Glover's region," said the young trooper, as he drew her close to his side.

"It's just that that troubles me, Harry. You are naturally so hasty and venturesome—so careless of yourself; and I, by my silly words, have made you worse. Oh, if anything should happen to you"——

"Why, what will happen, more than has a dozen times, you little mouse? There will be a quick ride, a few moments' sharp fighting; and, with Stanforth and his bride—for I'm determined to have her, too—in our midst, we shall reach the camp by sunrise, when I will ask leave to come over here, and you shall be the first to laugh at your fears. You are tired and worn out now. A good night's rest will make another girl of you," replied the young man, gaily.

"I hope so, Harry. But, sometimes, my courage is every bit gone. General Putnam would not call me brave now. See, how I tremble; and my hands are cold as ice."

"But your lips are warm as your heart, and that never was cold or unkind to any living thing, yet," returned the young lover, kissing her again and again, ere he sprung upon his horse, and then, with her "Remember, Harry!" ringing in his ears, dashed down the street.

CHAPTER V.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous night, Molly Graham was up with the sun the next morning. The dark forebodings that so sadly shadowed her parting from her lover had mingled with her dreams during the night, and she rose weak and disquieted, longing for the hour to come when the sound of his voice should again assure her of his safety.

She was not alone in her anxiety. The events of the preceding night had sadly disturbed the usual quiet current of life in Andie Graham's dwelling, and even his calm face looked excited; and, instead of going to his labor as usual, he walked the room, or out to the front gate, where young Andie sat perched on a post that commanded a view of the road to the south. The grandmother pattered about among the pans and pails in the kitchen, as usual; but, somehow, things in her department did not go on with their accustomed regularity; for the pewter plates, which she set down against the andirons to dry, went trundling into the ashes; and in her haste to save them, the good dame dropped her bunch of wet scouring-grass into a pan of milk. Well she might wonder "what the *possct* had got into her."

"I see nothing of them," said the old man, coming in from the front yard. "They must have passed the Bend before we were up. If Harry gets leave to come over, as he said, he will be most likely to go to his father's first. I guess I'll go across to the 'Squire's, and see what news they may have got."

Even as he spoke, the figure of some one passing darkened the kitchen window; and instantly recognising young Stanforth, Molly sprang forth with a cry of joy to meet him, and—not her lover, as she fondly thought, but his gray-haired father. One glance at their sorrowful faces, and that cry of joy was turned into a groan; and, trembling with terror, the poor girl caught at a chair for support; while her grandfather came forward to meet them, saying—

"You bring us bad news, I fear, my friends. But He will not try us beyond our strength. Speak on."

'Squire Lawton advanced, and taking Molly's hand in his, tried to speak. Every line and wrinkle in his weather-beaten face was quivering with grief, and, unable to command his voice, he as suddenly dropped it, and turned away to the window with a deep groan.

"He is dead! Oh, he is dead! Harry Lawton is dead! God have mercy on me!" cried the girl, clinging to her old grandfather in agony of grief. "Oh, I knew how it would be, all the while! I have killed him!"

Young Stanforth approached, and, taking her hand, said, while the tears filled his eyes—

"This is, indeed, a bitter reward for your kindness. But, God is my witness, I had rather died in prison than brought all this sorrow upon you!"

"Then the lad is indeed gone?" said old Andie Graham, sadly.

"Either dead or a prisoner, and we fear the first," returned the young officer. "After the skirmish, which was a bloody one, when the signal of recall was sounded to call off the pursuers, young Lawton's horse, with an empty saddle drenched in blood, came tearing into the ranks. Diligent search was made for the body, but in vain. So there is a *hope*, at least, that he lives."

But whatever hope there was in this circumstance, it was lost on Molly; for he had not ceased speaking, when her overtasked nerves gave way, and she sank fainting to the floor. The young officer raised her in his arms, and laying her on the bed, which, as was customary in those days, occupied one corner of the large room, with the readiness and tenderness of a woman, assisted the terrified grandmother and the sobbing Andie in recalling her to life. At length, their efforts were crowned with success. The poor girl opened her eyes; but the moment they rested on the young man's uniform, she closed them again, with a deep groan; and the heavy-hearted officer resigned her to the hands of her friends, while he turned to give old Andrew Graham the particulars of the skirmish which had cost them all so dear.

It seems that Young Lansing, acting upon the information brought him by Bill Glover, had indeed doubled his troops, and, after sending Miss Atwater and her uncle forward under the escort of a few trusty men and their house servants, guided by Jennings, had attacked the Lieutenant and his small party, and made them prisoners, though not until some of his men were killed, and the young man himself severely wounded in his shoulder. Hastily binding and gagging their prisoners, to prevent their giving the alarm, they left them on the spot, all but the Lieutenant, whom they placed in the centre of the troop, with two heavy dragoons for guards, and set off at a rapid gallop to overtake their party in advance.

"We were passing at a rapid pace," continued the young man, "through a hollow, about four miles below the scene of our capture, when we caught sight of our advance party, rising the brow of a hill; while at the same moment the sound of a body of horse, coming at full speed in our rear, came sweeping down on the wind. There was one moment's halt, and then orders were given to push on in silence. Instantly every rein was tightened, and we cleared the distance between us and the brow of the hill, just in time to see our advance party attacked by a body of men who sprung, as it seemed, from a narrow path or sheep-track that led into the woods on the right.

"It was too dark to distinguish faces or uniforms at that distance; but the shout that they gave as they charged, told me at once that it was a party of my own brave troop. Their shout was answered from our rear; and knowing that retreat was cut off, young Lansing and his men fought like heroes. Their numbers were about equal, and for a few moments the strife was horse to horse, and hand to hand. From the first, the dragoons at my side had had orders to guard me, at the peril of their lives; but the excitement of the scene proved too much for the patience of one of them, and he dashed into the *melee*. By this time, our comrades in the rear had pressed upon us, until my guard found himself about opposite the narrow sheep-track before alluded to, and which our men in the heat of the strife had left unguarded. He instantly seized the bridle of my horse, and dashed down it at full speed. Had it not been for my wounded shoulder, which the frosty air rendered exceedingly stiff and painful, or had I even had a weapon of any kind, I wouldn't have asked anything better than ten minutes alone with the rascal there. As it was, I was obliged to yield to my fate. We had not cleared many rods, when a horseman, bearing what seemed to be a woman in his arms, dashed past us like the wind. Then followed the quick report of a pistol; and the stout dragoon at my side went tumbling to the ground. Before I could gather up my reins and look round, young Lawton dashed past me, crying, gaily, 'I settled that fellow for you. Come on, Lieutenant, there is work for you, ahead!'

"I needed no second invitation; but, putting spurs to my horse, was nearing him rapidly, when a ball from the first horseman, missing young Lawton, for whom it was intended, struck my horse in the breast, and he fell dead. Extricating myself as quick as possible, I ran forward, just as Harry returned the compliment by a well-aimed shot at the horse of the foe. It took effect; and before the man could disengage himself from the struggling beast, a blow from the butt of the young trooper's pistol had silenced him; and when I reached the spot, he was supporting the fainting form of a woman, whom he instantly placed in my arms, saying, gaily, 'There, sir, take her: she is truly, as father would say, the spoil of my bow and spear. I promised myself and another that I would give her to you to-night, and I have kept my word. But, mount, sir, mount!' he added, running forward and catching the horse of my dead guard, that was grazing quietly by the roadside.

"It was only then," continued the young officer, with deep emotion, "that I comprehended who it was that I held in my arms—that it was my betrothed wife, from whom the will of Mr. Andrews had so long separated me. I tried to speak—to thank him—but he cut me short by saying, as he helped me into the saddle, and placed the lady in my arms, 'Don't stay to talk now; this path will lead you out on to the main road, a mile or two above here. Then, ride on, sir, in Heaven's name, for—hark! the rascals have fought their way through, and are flying down the road. I have a score or two to settle with some of them yet!' and, springing into his saddle, he sped back to join in the pursuit of the enemy, who, as he said, were in full retreat down the road.

"The last person who can give any account of him is Corporal Davis; and he says he was then engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Captain Lansing himself."

A smothered groan burst from poor Molly, while the young man added, after a pause—

"I cannot give him up! He was a favorite with the whole troop, and a better, braver soldier could not be found in the ranks!"

"That is true, though I had said it myself," said 'Squire Lawton, striving to compose his feelings, as he seated himself near where the sobbing maiden lay; "nor a better son. He was over-hasty; and Heaven knows, I have often looked for this. He was all we had, and God alone knows how dear we held him: yet had I a dozen sons," he added, with a bitter compression of the lips, "the country should have them all!"

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Aunt Sara, "think of your wife, 'Squire! of the poor heart-broken mother!"

"I do, Heaven knows I do, neighbor Graham; but better to die like my brave boy, than live a slave!"

"And it was only last night, only last night, he promised me to be careful, not to run into danger," cried Molly, raising herself up, and gazing piteously in 'Squire Lawton's face. "Oh, little did I think, as I rode along last night, that I was bringing him to his death. I thought he would praise me, and now—Oh, Harry! Harry! why didn't I die with you?"

Young Stanforth turned aside to conceal his tears, while Andie Graham, with a voice in which reproof vainly struggled with pity, strove to recall the maiden to a sense of submission to God.

"Molly, Molly, child!" he said, "this is wrong—selfish—sinful! Where is the faith on which you have been taught to rely in the day of adversity and trouble? Let not the potsherd strive against its Maker. Look up, my child! and remember that it is in mercy that He chasteneth the children of men. Rebel not against your only refuge!"

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," began the maiden, but grief was as yet stronger than faith; and, burying her face in the pillows, she sobbed bitterly—"Oh, I cannot, gran'ther, I cannot say it! You do not, cannot know how much he was to me!"

"We did know it, Molly," said 'Squire Lawton, pressing her hand in his broad palm; "little as you thought it, we did know it. And we knew, too, how much he thought of you, and we were proud—his mother and I—proud and happy to look forward to the time when we should call you daughter, and our lonely old house be made bright by the presence of our children. Many's the time that Eunice and I have talked it all over; and now—it's a dreadful thing to be left childless at a blow, neighbors," he added, as he brushed aside the fast scalding tears with the back of his brawny hand.

"It is, neighbor," said old Andie Graham, with genuine sympathy; "but, as our young friend says, "there is room for hope, still."

'Squire Lawton shook his head, as he replied—"Few that see the inside of their prisons come out alive, neighbor."

"But *he* shall!" cried the young officer, earnestly." "I will find him if he is alive, and take no rest, night nor day, until I give him back to your arms, even if I have to ransom him with my own liberty. This is the least I can do," he went on, turning to Molly, "towards discharging the heavy debt that I and another owe to your generous kindness."

"I need not say how dear that other is to me," he added, in a low tone; but she longs to see you, to thank you herself, and to sympathize with you in this great sorrow. Oh! believe me, we both feel that life itself is dearly purchased at a ransom like this!"

"I do," she replied, more calmly. "He was always talking about you—telling how good and brave you were; and that was one thing that made me so anxious to get news to the camp. I thought he would blame me if I did not. Besides," she added, with a deep sigh, while the great tears fell over her cheeks, "we knew about your and Miss Annie's affairs, and often wished we could do something to help you. It was little we thought how it would end!"

Feeling that grief like hers must have its natural course, and that she would be better left to the care of her friends, young Stanforth and 'Squire Lawton rose to leave, but not until Molly had ascertained that Bill Glover had taken no part in the skirmish, though strongly suspected of having a hand in the plot. It was with some difficulty, and only by pleading the active services of little Johnny, that the grief-stricken girl drew from the young officer a promise to leave him and his family unmolested until he had further proof.

Young Stanforth nobly redeemed his promise. He spared no exertions nor expense in his efforts to find out the place of Harry Lawton's imprisonment, if alive; and General Putnam, who had by no means forgotten the young girl's visit to the camp, entered warmly into the affair, and afforded him every facility in his power. But it was all in vain; Sir Henry Clinton and General Tryon both denied all knowledge of such a prisoner; and hope gradually died out of the most sanguine heart.

The young officer and his betrothed were much at Andie Graham's. They were the last persons who had seen and spoken with her lover; for them he had perilled his life; and the poor girl took a kind of mournful pleasure in listening to their voices as they dwelt on his bravery and virtues.

Poor child! she had struggled hard to bow submissively to a stroke, which the rigid tenets in which she had been trained taught her to view as a sore but kindly chastisement from Heaven; but there came hours when the human within her rose against this thought, and made the struggle exceedingly bitter.

One thing seemed to give her pleasure. When young Stanforth, true to his promise, sent a messenger to Bill Glover's, with a fiddle for Johnny, the man returned, saying that he found the house deserted, and no one knew whither the family had gone. She felt that she was clear of their ruin, at least.

The Lieutenant and Miss Atwater had delayed their marriage many weeks, out of delicacy toward her, and would have continued to do so, but she begged them to defer it no longer, and herself appointed the day.

One cold wintry night, it might have been a week or so previous to the day named for the Lieutenant's nuptials, Andie Graham's family sat later than usual around the blazing fire. The group was the same that were gathered there a few months before, and yet the most calm observer would have felt that the painful but purifying touch of sorrow had been upon them. The old man read, whispering the words to himself, from a volume of sermons; Andie nodded in the corner, and drew back his bare feet uneasily, as the falling embers came too near; Aunt Sara knit, as usual, but often pausing to glance anxiously in Molly's face, who sat gazing dreamily into the fire. Suddenly they all started, and the maiden became pale as death, at the sound of some one singing in the fields back of the house.

"Some rattle-headed lads on their way to the camp," said the old man, as he closed his book. But the voice came nearer and nearer, until, clear and soft as a flute, it rose beneath their windows, singing the chorus of an old Jacobite song, that Andie Graham's own grandmother had learned amid the glens of Scotland:

"Then gather, then gather,
Ye lads o'er the heather,
To see him again,
To see him again,
While every one swells the loud huzza!
He's coming again,
He's coming again."

They all sprang to their feet; but before Molly could reach the door, it was flung open, and the figure of little Johnny Glover appeared, paler, more shrunken and distorted than ever. But the girl heeded him not: for behind him came another person, and with a loud cry she sprang forward, and was clasped in the arms that were extended to receive her.

"Harry! Harry Lawton! thank God! thank God!" broke from the astonished group, while little Johnny capered up to the hearth, and rubbing his hands with delight, cried—

"There, take him, Molly! Johnny kinder thought ye'd like to see him agin. But it is trouble enough I've had with him, running his head into all manner of Tory messes, jest like a silly partridge into one of Bill's snares. But where's the man with the tassel on his shoulder? Johnny wants his fiddle."

And trouble enough he had had, according to Harry Lawton's own account: for it was wonderful how the simple-hearted little fellow had succeeded in assisting the young trooper to escape from his prison, and had led him through all sorts of dangers, back to his friends.

He had his fiddle—not only the one promised, but the best which could be found in the country; and at the double wedding, which followed shortly after, we doubt if there was a prouder or happier being among the whole gay company than Johnny, when called upon to play a favorite air for the dancers.

Bill Glover led a wandering, lawless sort of life among the Cow-boys of Westchester county, but Johnny went home no more. He spent his short life in wandering from one friend's house to another—the child of the neighborhood, delighting the children and the old people with his music, but watched over with unfailing tenderness by the Stanforths and Lawtens, whose descendants cherish his memory even to this day.

For the National Era.

ANNIE SLEEPING.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Sleep on, dear child! and would I too
The gentle trick might borrow—
Mocking the while, with sweet reprieve,
The sure, forthcoming sorrow.
But the days pass—and travels on, though slowly,
The blinding woe my dim eyes see not wholly.

Oh, weary eyes!—how long since sleep
As sweet as this before me,
Has shed the balsam of its peace
In such completeness o'er ye!
Ye are tired now, and heavy with long weeping,
And scarcely know the feel of quiet sleeping.

Yet was I once a little child—
Ah me, but I am dreaming!
And dreams are vain, and dreams are wild,
And hardly worth the seeming;
And life has lessons stern as fate, and sterner,
And I, of all, have been its saddest learner.

And yet, not so; are there not depths
My soul has not attained to?—
Teachings of hard, hard wretchedness,
That I am not ordained to?
Has not the Father graciously and kindly
Led the whole way, although I followed blindly?—

Led the whole way, through tears and grief,
And wild, heart-breaking anguish—
Holding my hand in His or lest
The human in me languish—
And bidding me look up through grief and sighing,
Beyond the earth where earthly hopes lay dying?

Sleep, little child! I too, some day,
Shall slumber as benignly;
With my hands clasped like yours, my lips
Smile-chiseled as divinely;
And so I will not envy thy sweet sleeping,
Knowing for me like rest my God is keeping.

DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.—No. 13.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

A "CENT-AN-OUNCE" system of postage for all matter at all distances would give great progress to the "DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE," and an immense revenue to the Government. The Post Office is the people's department of the Government; more directly, intimately, and deeply affecting the greatly-varied interests of every citizen than all the other departments united, coming home to the intellectual, social, moral, business, and reciprocal relations of every man, woman, and child, in the community.

No other agency but the Post Office is in any measure adequate to the diffusion among all classes, in all places, of the light of science and of the soul. No service capable of being rendered to our citizens by this agency is so high or so pervading as this same diffusion light. It is the only agency fitted for the work, and the highest work within the power of the agency. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, a glory, in the thought of twenty thousand depositors and agencies for receiving and distributing, among twenty or thirty millions of citizens, members of the same fraternity, light which illuminates the mind and lifts up the soul to the Source from which it emanated.

A system of postage at once simple, liberal, and enlightened, would be no less effective and powerful in multiplying and invigorating the wheels of business, than in the diffusion of knowledge. It would set in motion thousands and millions of new wheels never contemplated or dreamed of, while it would give greatly-increased energy to the whole machinery of business. Transmitting *samples of goods* for determining a business transaction, aided by the telegraph for executing it, would add to the economy, the dispatch, and the energy of business operations, to an extent beyond the reach of calculation. In simplicity, uniformity, certainty, and safety, no carrying agency for *small packages* can equal the National Post Office; affording business facilities for which all would cheerfully and gladly pay at higher rates than to Expresses or any other transporting agencies.

A cent an ounce is sixteen dollars a hundred pounds, $320 a ton. At that rate—forming an estimate on the ground that the mails on the six or seven thousand routes would average one hundred pounds each passage, three trips a week—the receipts to the Government would be more than thirty millions of dollars a year. Looking at the American Post Office as a business establishment, conducted upon the simple principles of business for carrying freight at one cent an ounce, and what intelligent business man can come to any other result in a calculation, but vast resources?

By railroad conveyance, freight is carried from New York to Cincinnati for one dollar, and one fifty cents, a hundred pounds. Under the proposed plan, the Government would receive sixteen dollars a hundred from New York to Brooklyn, a passage of fifteen minutes; and from each of the twenty thousand post offices to its nearest neighbor, be it ten miles or half a mile.

Not to speak of the numberless new springs of business, with vastly-increased power to all, in moving commercial operations, it would add to the interests of agriculture and the mechanic arts increased energies and greatly-multiplied facilities. Roots, seeds, scions, plants, samples of wheat, tobacco, and other products, and numerous articles interesting to farmers, could be sent by a process simple, direct, and certain, from any place to any place in the Union.

Whether viewed in its mighty and pervading energies for the promotion of knowledge, social relations, general kindly intercourse, patriotism, commercial operations, agricultural and manufacturing interests, or Government resources, no intelligent mind, under a full, careful, and candid investigation of the subject, can probably come to but one conclusion on the general results of a "CENT-AN-OUNCE" system of postage for all matter safe to be carried, at all distances, except across the Rocky Mountains.

For the National Era.

ELLIE.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

From a meadow sloping west,
Full of April lambs at play,
Came one, whiter than the rest,
From its merry mates away.

Came beside me, as I dreamed;
And I marked its lifted eye
Had a pleading look, that seemed
Full of sad humanity.

As with soft caress I bowed,
Pitying, toward the lonely one,
When behind a purple cloud
Sank the crimson harvest sun,

On its neck a wreath I found,
And I knew the roses there,
Were the roses that I bound
Yestermorn in Ellie's hair.

Then it vanished; and in haze,
Like an amber-falling dew,
Died the loveliest of days;
But I marked with straining view,

Passing through the gates of gold
That the Sun had left apart,
The Good Shepherd of the Fold,
With the lamb upon his heart.

Trembling—calling Ellie's name,
With a faint and fearful call,
Woke I then, as morning's flame
Kindled on my chamber wall—

Kindled on the pillow white,
Quivered o'er a little head,
Where the straying hair was bright,
Long and soft, and ringleted.

Ellie lay beside me there,
And the rose-light, as I gazed,
Bathed the dimpled shoulders bare,
Tinged the velvet cheek upraised.

But the soul's sweet curtains drawn,
Stirred not, oped not, as I wept,
And I knew my lamb had gone
With the Shepherd while I slept.

Ellie's grave is green and gay,
But our fields are bare and cold;
Who would call my lamb away
From the shelter of the Fold?

Edinburgh, Ohio.

For the National Era.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE, &c.

BY SUI GENERIS.

CHAPTER I.

"Away down East."—*Anon.*

"Who has not heard of "Down East"—the far-famed land of pumpkins, shingles, slabs, and tall sprouts of the non-descript genus, of whom Holmes's

"—— whey-faced brother, that delights to wear
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,"

was indubitably one? Whence the term came, we cannot tell. Perhaps the best derivation is a classical one of recent invention. If we remember aright, Herodotus speaks of a remarkable "catabathmus," or descent, somewhere on the confines of ancient Egypt. By a singular propriety, then, the term has been transferred to the locality of our pyramids of slabs. Nothing, however, is more difficult to fix than the exact position of this "catabathmus," or, in plain English, jumping-off place. Perhaps the only sure method of going "*Away Down East*," would be to dive off Cape Race Rock. But if the reader will skip over two hundred miles of a railway transit from Boston, we will try to find the whereabouts of this very mysterious "barathrum."

CHAPTER II.

"Evil beasts, slow bellies."—*Paul ad Tit.* i, 12.

Behold us, then, squat upon the summit of a slow coach at the railway terminus in Waterville, Maine. The burly driver collects his victims, and we immediately disappear in an immense dust-cloud. Everything soon began to wear the appearance of a miller on Saturday night. Away we were trundled, at the rate of nearly three miles to the hour, catching glimpses occasionally of our feet, and of the driver's head, encircled by a halo of dust. By and by we began to prefer an Arabian simoom, or the storied sand-storms of Sahara; and pulling an old felt over our eyes, began nervously to "look for an opening." Pretty soon the driver "brakes up," and a small ascent is developed ahead. A brisk flagellation immediately ensues, but we begin to believe the mathematical paradox, that the bottom of a wheel never turns. A corpulent gentleman inside promises to get out, if he can so mend matters. At this juncture an ox-team overtakes and passes us, with a load of hay. Our beasts snuff the provoking odor, and forthwith we are borne rapidly along in chase. They continue their speed until the hay is lost to sight under the portals of a hospitable barn, and then resume all their natural languor. Thus we travelled our tedious miles, and a two days' journey, relieved only by occasional relays, brought us to the Ultima Thule of the stagee. The road impinged directly upon a comfortable house at the foot of a picturesque lake, and there we decided to erect our *ne plus ultra*, for at least a night.

CHAPTER III.

"This lonesome lake, like to a sea, among ye mountains lies,
And like a glass doth show their shapes, and eke ye clouds and skies.
God lays his chambers' beams therein, that all his power may know,
And holdeth in his fist ye winds that else would mar ye show."—*Ancient Tradition.*

These quaint lines are said to have been inscribed, two hundred years ago, upon a "piece of birchen bark," at the outlet of Lake Winnipiseogee. For the entire poem, we refer the reader to that interesting imitation of the ancient simplicity and freshness of style—"*Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal.*" The granite rock, with its corroded inscription attesting that exploration, still rears itself above the blue waves of the lake. The mountains, and that beautiful

"—— mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue,"

exhibit no trace of change; but the savage tribes, and the grand old forest, and the primeval name of that lovely region, have passed away. Around our lake in Maine, however, things still wear a very primitive aspect. It is hardly twenty years since the pioneer settler erected his log cabin on the shore, whence access to the markets was most convenient. The lumbermen have indeed penetrated the forest, and felled the lordly pines, but still a gloomy verdure overspreads the hills, and clothes all the shores. The moose still resorts to its old haunts, and becomes the prey of our amateur sportsmen, who crowd thither every summer. But primitive features are rapidly changing, and fashionable immigration from our heated cities is working a channel even into these wilds. Hotels and steamboats, and even a post office, are among the present luxuries of these Northern regions; and the other wonders, and also the follies of the age, are expected soon to follow.

We sailed up the lake on a cloudy morning. The fitful, eddying mists assumed the most fantastic forms, and the weird creations of the frequent gusts called to remembrance the pictured spectres of the Brocken, that had terrified our childish fancy. At times the murky air blackened the lake, and seemed to mingle with its inky waters, while the Spirit of Darkness might be seen brooding upon the deep, as over ancient Chaos. Suddenly then a strong blast would sweep the vapors to the shore, and rolling up the mountains, they would pile Ossa darkly upon Pelion, and augment a hundred fold the hugeness which they swathed. But very seldom, if more than once, did the clouds suddenly gape and close again, shedding the pure light of heaven down for a moment upon the troubled scene, which grew ten times blacker and more confused when the radiance was withdrawn.

On board our boat, however, a cheerful company lent an agreeable contrast to the external gloom. The steam-whistle occasionally startled the echoes with its piercing shriek, while an old and sooty sheet-iron Indian, that ornamented the top of the smoke-pipe, bent his bow, and took a determined aim, but vacillated with the tremor of the boat, so that he could never satisfactorily discharge the shaft.

We passed Mount Kineo—a bold bluff that rises seven hundred feet from the waters of the Lake, and makes you think that one of the "sentinel rocks" of the City of Elms has been securely anchored there. Look long at that neat white house at the base of the cliff, for there shines the last white paint that glistens this side of Canada. Soon we arrive at a structure designated in the brilliant advertisements as "Railroad Wharf." We have traversed the length of the Lake, and now let us try the cars.

CHAPTER IV.

"——dum mula ligatur
Tota abit hora."—*Hor.*

Is this a *railroad* that I see before me? Our ideas of this invention are inseparably connected with a literal *chemin du fer*. Express trains, smoke, cinders, dust, din, and forty-miles-an-hour speed, rise up in vision at the name of railroad. But what have we here? Two oxen, driven tandem over a corduroy path—the frame-work of a dirt car, with four iron wheels, and logs withal for the machine to advance upon. The President, Directors, and Company of this road are not known through the announcement of dividends, or the issuing of reports; but such a remarkable monument of their enterprise is a sufficient nomenclator. Before engaging passage, we were so prudent as to inspect our team, and having concluded that for bottom they were unsurpassed, but for speed indifferent, we did not hesitate to walk on the track two miles to a hospitable shanty, which covered us for the night. The express train followed on behind. We have since ascertained that the rate of passenger trains is generally one mile and a third per hour. When the conductor stops to pick blueberries, which grow beside the track, some time is inevitably lost. Freight trains proceed at a more careful pace. The engines appear to consume but little fuel; perhaps they live on Ben Franklin's saw-dust pudding; but, to judge from the *heft* of their yokes, they are a stiff-necked generation, and so most probably subsist on petrified corn-stalks and bean-poles.

CHAPTER V.

"And how was the devil drest?
Oh, he was rigged up in his best;
His jacket was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was the hole where his tail came through."
Coleridge.

A word about our costume. We were not guilty of patent leather and tight kids. We were, however, more outlandishly attired than was need. Expecting to be merged in a forest life from the moment of leaving the cars, we were unprepared even to write a good hand in a hotel register which astonished us at the lake. The misfortune was, that we had mistaken the *locale* of the jumping-off place. But, to make a long story short, our dress was not very *recherche*, but was chiefly admirable for the pertinacity with which it resisted all decomposing and disintegrating agents. Oiled canvass was a prominent article; old felt hats and well-greased boots were also conspicuous. Guernsey shirts, pistol-belts, and an infinity of straps and strings, were decidedly in vogue. Our armory, too, had not been neglected; for our kind mothers had feared lest evil beasts should devour us. But had any of us been indicted for assault, the omission of an iota from the usually redundant formula of "guns, clubs, fists, brickbats, knives," etc., would have quashed the indictment.

CHAPTER VI.

"Ye shall dwell in booths."—*Lev.* xxiii, 42.

What a cosy shanty that was, where we stopped the first night. The bed, of hemlock twigs, how soft! The coarse blankets, how warm! and that great, roaring fire, how comfortable in the damp woods! Up and down is better than the monotonous level; and a few rocks peeping through the turf set off the luxuriant verdure around, and afford a resting-place to the sliding feet. The price of wood does not interfere with our pleasure.

"Bring out great logs, and let them burn,
And make a solid core of heat,"

for economy is in her garret at home. The merry fire, as it roars and rushes through the wide hole in the roof, seems a different element from your sickly blaze that issues from a few chips at the bottom of a narrow, crooked, half-choked chimney in the city.

This is one depot of the lumbermen of the Maine woods. There are half-a-dozen of them about the door, for it is supper time. Go in like no stranger, and greet them affably, and you shall receive a cordial hospitality, and a sincere though rough courtesy, which would make you at ease, though fresh from the finery, the affectation, and the caresses of our "highest circles." Mr. Jedediah, "the maid," has prepared a substantial meal. Sit down to it, on this bit of timber, and be not fastidious if treacle sweetens your tea in a tin cup, or if each one provides his own butter-knife.

Who cares for the "hewers of wood," the men who provide the rough boards for our comfortable mansions—those very boards so offensive to the eye that doats upon smoothness and white paint! Poor Jack, with all his real and imaginary woes, does not work or suffer like the lumberman. They lead the most laborious of lives; but we, who sigh for the sailor when the wind blows, should likewise carry our pocket handkerchiefs when we go to a saw-mill or a hardware store. During half the year the lumbermen remain in the woods, and amid the deepest snows, and in the most intense cold they prosecute their laborious duties. In the early spring, when dissolving winter has swelled the icy streams, is the time of their most arduous and unrelaxing efforts. The myriads of logs, felled during the winter, are to be conducted down the foaming river to the mills. Now, night and day, continue incessant toil; and, amid ice, water, and scanty food, the lumberman exhausts his energies—nor is a couch on the wet earth fitted to repair them. What wonder, then, that constitutions are enfeebled and broken down, and a frightful expenditure of health made upon the yearly "drive" of logs! Life, also, is dangerously risked, and not seldom is the mess thinned by some terrible accident. They roughly bury the dead by the river side, or on the beach of some lonely lake; a rude slab is carved with the final record of the deceased, and the tide of business rushes on. Parent and friend there is none to lament,

"And woods and waters, with perpetual noise,
For him do make a melancholy moan."

But we are not able to live always, even in this nice shanty. We are sometimes benighted in the woods, and then must needs camp out. We kindle a magnificent fire from the all-essential birch-bark, and, after our frugal meal, lie down

"With the clear heavens o'er us for a canopy,"

or else, if we have time, make a slight shelter of boughs; and there, if anywhere, sleep is sweet.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

For the National Era.

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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

No. 13.

BELFAST, *September* 5, 1852.

DEAR DR. BAILEY: On the morning of August 16th, we left Cork for Killarney, by way of Bantry and Glengariff. After a short run on the rail, we took a stage-coach, choosing outside seats, like enthusiastic tourists as we are, though the day was dark and showery. There was little in the scenery, and less in the condition of the country and people, to repay us for our exposure to wind and weather, until we reached Bantry. I can never forget the forlorn, unmitigated wretchedness of the people who thronged round us at the little town of Dunmanway. Among the crowd appealing to us, in all possible variations of the whine mendicious and mendacious, we saw not one man or woman in the national costume and cover-all—the double-caped great-coat and the hooded cloak—all was squalor and tatters, soul-sickening and disgusting. Here was infancy, nude and needy, reaching out its dirty little hands; and second childhood, bent and tottering, with palsied palm extended, eyeing you with all the mute wistfulness of a starved spaniel. There was a full assortment of the halt, the humpbacked, and the crippled—all degrees of sightlessness and unsightliness. I turned away from the miserable creatures with a heart heavy with hopeless sympathy and vain pity, and with a conscience stricken for all my own sins of unthankfulness and discontent. And here I may as well pause to remark briefly on the condition and appearance of the peasants in the south of Ireland. Knowing that I could not fairly judge of this class by the idle and ragged crowd who gather round the coach or car, in the towns and hamlets, I took occasion, during my stay at Cork, to visit several of the country cottages of the working peasants, in company with one of the landed proprietors. In but one out of six did I find a regular fireplace and chimney; in but one was there a window of glass, and that consisted of a single pane. The others had—with the exception of the door, and a hole in the roof, from which the smoke, after wandering at its own sweet will through the cabin, found its way out—no opening whatever, for light or ventilation. But I forget—we did remark a sort of improvised window in one other. In a low, miserable hovel, belonging to a carman, we found a horse occupying full a third of the scant room, and above his manger a small opening had been made through the mud wall, the good man having found that the health of the animal required what himself and his family lived without—air. To the mistress of this unique habitation, whose one apartment served for kitchen, sleeping-room, *stable*, and hall, I said, in horrified amazement, "How is it possible you can live with that horse?" "Sure, miss, he's no *throuble*," she replied; "and it's little room he takes, after all; for the *childer* can sleep on the straw, under him, just, and creep between his legs, and he *niver* harming them at all, the *sinsible cratur*." It is a common thing to see hens drying their feathers by the genial peat-glow, and pigs enjoying the pleasures of the domestic hearth. In another cabin, we found two curious old crones, living together, on apparently nothing, who loaded us with blessings in the original tongue, and actually went on their knees to offer up thanksgiving for a few half-pence, which we gave as a consideration for intruding on their retirement.

Yet, though living in low, smoky, ill-ventilated cabins—often with mouldering thatches, and always with damp earth-floors, with a pool of stagnant water or a dunghill before the door—though themselves ill fed and but half clad, it is a singular fact that the peasants of Southern Ireland are apparently a healthful and hardy race. You occasionally see fine specimens of manly and childish beauty among them; but a pretty Irish peasant girl we found the rarest of *rara-avises*. There are some families of Spanish origin about Bantry, and of these we encountered one or two dark-eyed, olive-cheeked beggar boys, who seemed to have leaped out of one of Murillo's pictures. The policemen everywhere are a particularly fine-looking set of fellows—indeed, none but well-made, tall, and powerful men have any chance of enrolment in this honorable, terror-inspiring, omnipresent corps. The professional beggars of Ireland seem a peculiarly hopeless and irredeemable class—not because of the poverty of the country alone, but from their own inherent and inherited idleness and viciousness. They are persistent, pertinacious, sometimes impudent, and often quick-witted and amusing. A friend of ours was waylaid by a certain "*widdy*" woman, with an unlimited amount of ragged responsibilities at her heels. On hearing her doleful story, our friend advised the fair mendicant to take refuge in the poor-house. "The poor-house!" she exclaimed, "sure it's meself that keeps the poorest house in all Cork, yer honor." I was amused by an appeal made by an elderly dame to one of our fellow-passengers: "Here's a fine fat gentleman; sure he'll give a sixpence to a poor bony body that hasn't broken her fast at all the day."

If you wish to take a meditative walk among the hills, the chances are that you will return with a considerable ragged retinue; but the larger detachments of this ignoble army of alms-seekers are stationed along the public roads. They make their startling sorties from the most lonely, wild, and inaccessible places; like Roderick Dhu's men, they leap up from "copse and heath"—every rock hides a waiting mendicant, and every tuft of broom stirs as we approach, with a lurking tatterdemalion. They leap on your way from behind walls, and drop down upon you from overhanging trees—small foot-pads, or rather *paddies*, who present palms instead of pistols, and blarney and worry you alike out of pence and patience.

After a day of wet and weary travel, through a melancholy country, we enjoyed to the utmost the beautiful approach to Bantry, under a clear and sunny sky, and welcomed with enthusiasm the sight of its lovely and famous bay. But even this bright vision was soon eclipsed by Glengariff, where we spent the night. In all this land, I have seen nothing to compare with the glorious beauty of that place. In all the solemn shadows of its wild loneliness, the dark deeps and frowning heights of its grandeur, in all the sweet lights of its loveliness, it lives, and must ever live, in my charmed memory; but to picture it in words I dare not attempt.

After dinner, though a light rain was falling, we took a row around the bay, and remained on the water until the night set in. I think we shall none of us soon forget that row over the smooth and silent bay, in the rain and deepening twilight, under the shadows of mountain and rock. The scene would have been too wild, solemn, and awfully lonely, but for the peculiar wit and story-telling talent of "Jerry," our guide and helmsman. He entertained us with some wonderful legends of a certain Father Shannon, a priest, and a famous character in this region about half a century ago. One anecdote illustrative of the holy man's quick-wittedness, impressed me as an instance of "'cuteness" passing the "cuteness" of Yankees. "The good father," says Jerry, "was one day fishing, in his boat, on the bay, when he heard a swarm of bees buzzing about him. Then he begins to rattle with a knife, or spoon, in an iron kettle he had with him in the boat, till he feels that all the bees have settled on his shoulders. Then he slyly reaches back, and takes hold of the tail of his shirt, (begging your pardon, ladies!) and he suddenly turns it over his head, bees and all, and puts it into the kettle, which he covers over in a second just, and so he takes the whole swarm to Lord Bantry, and sells them for three pounds, and gets his shirt back, too, yer honor."

I am tempted to relate several of Jerry's stories, so peculiarly and richly Irish were they—odd, wild, extravagant, and ludicrous—yet now and then sparkling with a fine fancy, or a rare poetic thought, and in their drollery quaint and quiet, never coarse or common. But I should get on slowly indeed with the story of my tour, if I paused to do justice, either by description or quotation, to the originality of character, the spirit and humor, the warmth and generousness of feeling, of many of the Irish peasantry with whom I came in contact.

The mountain road from Glengariff to Killarney is a splendid specimen of engineering, and leads through scenery wild and beautiful in the extreme. On the sunny morning of our leaving Glengariff, landscape and air were fresh and delicious after the night's abundant rain, and with thrills and palpitations of inexpressible joy my heart responded to the gladness of Nature. I shall never forget the childish ecstasy of delight with which I gazed around me, and drank in the fragrant air of the morning.

The three lakes of Killarney descended upon by this road are likely to disappoint the tourist, especially if he be an American, more especially if he be a reader of and a devout believer in Mrs. Hall's beautiful and most *poetical* book, "*A Week at Killarney.*" In truth, such fairy sheets of water seem little to deserve the name of lakes at first, but they grow on your respect rapidly as you approach; their beauty is, near or afar, quite exquisite and undeniable, and the mountains which surround them are really most respectable elevations. Our first visit was to the Torc Waterfall, by far the most beautiful cascade I have ever seen. The fall is between sixty and seventy feet: the glen into which the water comes leaping and foaming and flashing, is wild and rocky, and overhung with richest foliage. The approach to this waterfall is singularly picturesque, and the surroundings in admirable keeping.

We passed Lord Kenmare's noble demesne, and drove through the village of Killarney, to our hotel, the "*Victoria,*" which is charmingly situated on the shore of the lower and larger lake. We found the house crowded with visiters of all characters and degrees—the elegant and the vulgar, the coarse and the refined, with the usual number of undefinable and unclassable betweenities. While taking tea in the coffee-room, we were struck by the mien and manner of a traveller near us. He was evidently a person oppressed with a consciousness of his own consequence, and bent on having the world do its part toward bearing his burden. He gave out his orders to the wondering waiter with a military sternness and a startling rapidity; but, strange enough, he ended each sentence with a sort of drawl. He was clad in a complete suit of checked Tweed, with an extravagant cravat—a John Bull, without doubt, yet black-browed and full-bearded—a curious cross between a Cockney and a Cossack. After tea, this unique individual swaggered up to one of our party, a most gentlemanly-looking person, and accosted him as he was passing down the hall, with a "Pray, are you one of the waiters of this hotel?" "No—are you?" coolly responded our friend.

In the morning, we were so fortunate as to be able to engage for our guide during our stay, the Stephen Spillane so honorably mentioned by Mr. and Mrs. Hall. We found him a young man of good education, much general intelligence, gentleness, and even refinement of manner.

Our first expedition was to the *Gap of Dunloe*, a wild and gloomy mountain pass, especially interesting to the reader of Gerold Griffin's fine novel of "*The Collegians,*" as the scene of poor Eily Connor's happy honey-moon, and tragic taking-off. Our guide furnished myself and a pleasant English friend with ponies—the remainder of the party took a car.

Though tolerably well mounted, and able to abruptly cut the company of the old, crippled, and blind, of the begging fraternity, I found that I had small advantage over the boys. The fleet-footed little rascals kept up with me for miles—one juvenile Celt, literally *sans culottes*, but in a shirt of elder-brotherly dimensions, giving me a sort of Tam O'Shanter chase. A pretty, dark-eyed boy running by my side, held up a bunch of purple heather and wild honeysuckle, saying, with an insinuating smile, "Plase, my lady, buy these ilegant bright flowers, so like yer honor's self, this beautiful summer morning." What woman could resist such an appeal!

At the entrance of the Gap we were met by a detachment of volunteer guides, and a company of "*mountain dew*" girls—maidens with cans of goat's milk and flasks of "potheen," with which they are happy to treat the traveller, for a consideration. After listening to some grand echoes, called forth by the rich bugle-notes of our guide, we proceeded through the pass. This by itself did not equal our expectation: its finest feature is the "Purple Mountain," which in the glorious sunlight of that morning was beautiful beyond conception.

From Lord Brandon's fine demesne we embarked upon the upper lake, rowed among its fairy islands, and ran down "the long range" to the middle lake—pausing for a little gossip with the echoes of "Eagle Nest," and shooting "Old Wier Bridge" on our way. The bay and mountain of Glenà are the gems of Killarney. Even now, looking back upon the scene through the sobered light of recollection, it is all enchantment—the shore gorgeous with magnificent foliage, the waters flashing with silver gleams, the sky golden with sunset light—and it is difficult for me to believe that there is under the broad heaven a lovelier spot. Even the echoes from this beautiful green mountain seemed clearer, yet softer and more melodious, than any we had heard before.

We took dinner on shore, in a delicious little nook, shadowed by arbutus trees, dining off a large rock, some seated *a la Turc*, some reclining in the ancient Oriental style. Oh! we had merry times! and what with toasts and songs, and legends, and joyous laughter ringing out, peal on peal, over the still water, the wonder is we failed to rouse the great O'Donaghue, who, according to popular tradition, dwells in a princely palace under the lake, and only comes to the surface to take an airing on horseback, every May morning. Our row homeward, through the soft lingering sunset-light, with the plash and murmur of the blue waves, rising with the rising wind, heard in the intervals between the sweet songs of our guide, was a fitting close to a day of shadowless pleasure.

In the coffee-room we encountered our black-bearded tourist, quite "knocked up," he averred, by the duties of the day. He had actually "done" the ascent of old Carran Tual, twice—once on his own account, and once (most amiable of his sex!) for a friend.

That evening, we listened to the fine music of Gandsey, the celebrated Irish piper, a truly venerable man, very old, and quite blind, who plays his native melodies with touching expression, waking the old sorrows of Ireland and making them wail again, and giving proud voice to her ancient glories, till you believe that her lost nationality "is not dead, but sleepeth," and *must* yet rise to free and powerful life.

On the following morning, with our pleasant friend, Sir Thomas Deane, we visited Muckross Abbey, a fine, picturesque old ruin. The cloisters, the refectory, and the chapel, are in comparatively good preservation—in the latter lie the bones of the great MacCarthy Mor, and, it is thought, of the O'Donaghues, with the exception, of course, of him who preferred the lake to holy ground, *waved* his privilege of Christian burial, and his chance of canonization, it may be, for his aguish palace, aquatic court, and questionable sub-marine existence. After taking leave of the solemn old Abbey, we commenced the ascent of Mangerton, a mountain 2,754 feet in height—a merry party of six, all pony-mounted. Here we were joined by a very large company of volunteer guides, and attacked, front, flank, and rear, by an Amazonian troop of "mountain-dew" girls. Barren and rugged as was that drear ascent, we found it a land flowing with goat's milk and whiskey; and at every pause which we made to breathe our ponies, or to treat ourselves to a fine view, twenty cups were held to our lips, twenty voices prayed us to drink, for present refreshment and future good fortune—that "the Lord" might "carry us safe" up that perilous steep, and grant to us and our families, to the remotest generation, health, wealth, honor, and "*pace.*" Near the summit of the mountain, we came upon a deep, dark little lake—one of the devil's punch-bowls; for his Satanic majesty, who seems jovially inclined, has several in Ireland. The prospect from the summit of Mangerton is very extensive, and truly magnificent. We rested and reveled in it, for a bright half-hour, on the breezy mountain top. Here we again encountered the dark-bearded tourist. Disdaining all pony aid, he had done Mangerton as he did Carran Tual, on foot. But the trimness of his toilet, and the morning freshness of his mien, had suffered somewhat, from the heat and toil of the day. His raven whiskers were whitened with dust, his hat had a backward inclination, his pantaloons were tucked into his boots, his coat of tweed cloth was borne by the guide, his shoulders were free from the bondage of braces, which were twined carelessly about his waist, his cravat was untied, and he was at loose ends generally. Here he was first gracious enough to make some conversation with me:

"Madame, may I ask if you are an American?"

"I have that honor, sir."

"Aw—I thought so; something in the manner a little peculiar—aw. Have you spent much time in London?"

"About two months."

"Aw—a great place is London—quite a world, I may say. You would like the literary society of London, excessively, if you could once get the *entree*; but it is difficult to do that, very difficult—aw."

"Indeed! I have not found it so."

After a little more talk of this sort, our friend called to his guide, and was off. In a few minutes, we saw him on an opposite peak, and very soon dashing down the mountain, toward Killarney. He seemed to give no pause for resting, or "prospecting." "March!" "March!" seemed to be his word, as he were the Wandering Jew, on an Irish tour.

On our descent, my English friend abandoned his hard-gaited pony and the beaten track, and plunged down the mountain side in a more direct course, on foot. Piqued by this ungallant desertion, I made a rash vow to follow in the very footsteps of my faithless cavalier. Such a chase as he led me, through boggy hollows, down rocky ledges, over small chasms and natural ditches, while the above-mentioned volunteer guides and mountain-dew damsels followed close upon our track, uttering exclamations of delight and astonishment, sometimes more emphatic than pious—perhaps recognising in this reckless love of fun and adventure a spirit kindred to their own.

After a charming drive through Lord Kenmare's demesne, we dined in a picturesque cottage, on the lake shore, from which place we rowed to "sweet Innisfallen," and wandered at twilight among its deep, shadowy groves, and the solemn ruine of what, ages and ages ago, was the noble temple of learning and letters. From Innisfallen, we went to Ross Castle, a grand old ruin, once the stronghold of the O'Donaghue, besieged and destroyed by Cromwell, the great spoliator of Ireland. Here the fine-frenzied tourist turned up, for the last time—he rushed past us as we were entering, and was quickly lost in the ruins, but appeared afterwards at various points and parapets. He did the old castle as he had done the other sights, in an incredibly short time—dashed down to his boat, flung himself in, ordered the men to push off—"away flew the light bark," far into the deepening twilight, and the black-whiskered tourist passed from our sight forever! As for us, we lingered till long after night-fall, in the beautiful grounds of Ross Island, or on the lake before the castle, holding pleasant converse with the famous "Paddy Blake," the prince of echoes. "Paddy!" cried our helmsman, with a stentorian voice, "do ye know who's been paying a visit to yer ould castle? Listen, then, till I tell ye: the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the wild flying *aigle!*" Paddy seemed duly to appreciate the honor, for he repeated the words of the boatman, as though in joyous surprise. It was odd to hear those dark, grand, ivory-mantled palace halls ringing with blithe bugle notes and jolly laughter—talking in such a free and easy way—vocal with so rich a brogue.

That last night, we enjoyed a merry tea-drinking together, in a private parlor, and early in the morning set forth, by stage-coach, for Limerick. As to the "Victoria Hotel," the least said by me, the better for its reputation. I constrain myself to silence in regard to the broken bell-wires and other dilapidations in my apartments, trusting in the truth of the proverb, "the least said, the soonest mended." In our out-door life at Killarney, our only serious annoyances were beggars and midges. Between the two, you bleed at every pore.

This letter has stretched to a preposterous length, but I could not help it. My pen has seemed to run by itself, and certainly has taken to wild and rambling ways. I will try to get possession of it, and hold proper sway over it, next time; but I cannot promise positively for its good behaviour. As ever, yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

We copy from the New York *Journal of Commerce* the following letter from its Washington correspondent, as giving a fair view of the present condition of the City of Washington, and of the prospect of its future:

WASHINGTON, *Sept.* 17, 1852.

Washington continues remarkably healthy, there being fewer cases of intermittent fever here than has been usual at this season. It is undoubtedly now the healthiest city in the country, as the bills of mortality sufficiently show. Some thirty years ago, or more, when there were around the city uncleared and marshy grounds, and when Pennsylvania avenue was itself a marsh, there used to occur, even in the then small population, many cases in the autumn of congestive fever; but now, though the population exceeds forty thousand, such fevers are of rare occurrence. There are certain localities near the river, where, as was mentioned recently in a letter in your paper, cases of ague and fever occur; but, in general, the city is free even from that pest. Some proposed improvements in the navigation of the Potomac between Georgetown and Washington, and the opening of a canal through James's creek, near the Arsenal, will free those parts of the city from ague and fever.

Though Congress is not in session, yet the city is no longer as dull and lifeless as it used to be during the recess. The public and private improvements, which are going on so rapidly, give the city a cheerful aspect. There are more private houses now building than there have ever been at any one time before. The north part of the city, which is elevated, beautiful, and salubrious, is rapidly filling up with good brick houses. The Government appropriation for new works here, for the present year, is over a million of dollars.

The number of Government offices and office-holders is rapidly increasing, and is constantly tending to an increase. This must continue to be so, as long as the country continues to increase in population, territory, commerce, and intercourse with foreign powers. Washington, too, presents attractions for men of wealth and leisure, and it is found that every year the number of those who, with their families, spend a part of the year here, increases. Here will be, after a while, many national institutions and monuments of the greatest interest.

The Capitol will itself be an object of general interest when it shall be completed. The liberal appropriations made for the arrangement of the Congress library is an assurance that, ultimately, it will be a library worthy of the country. Over eighty thousand dollars were granted for the purchase of books during the last session.

The Smithsonian Institute will, after a few years, be able to extend the sphere of its operations and its usefulness. Very large additions to its funds are to be made by the beneficence of wealthy men now living, who have made their wills, bequeathing large sums to the Institute.

The National Observatory is already an object of national pride.

The Washington Monument, now one hundred and seventeen feet in height, is in progress, and with every prospect of being ultimately completed according to design.

The Jackson Monument will be erected in Lafayette square next winter.

Every change of Administration is a benefit to the Federal city. It brings to the city a fresh accession, from every part of the country, of men of public spirit and intelligence; and each Administration leaves us substantial public and private improvements; and each one contributes to the permanent composition of the community, and leaves its impress upon its tone and character.

All political capitals have attracted to themselves population and wealth, whether the result of commerce or not, and such will be the case with Washington, as the seat of an empire destined to be greater than any that the world ever saw.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1852.

RECOLLECT,

That after the 30th of this month, the postage of the *Era*, if paid in advance, for any distance, will be only 26 cents a year, or 6½ cents quarterly.

AND RECOLLECT, too, that payment of postage in advance may be made *at the office where the paper is delivered.*

September 18, 1852.

CAMPAIGN CLUBS.

At the earnest solicitation of numerous friends, and hoping to enlarge still more rapidly the circle of anti-slavery readers, and that they may be kept fully advised of the political doings during the present campaign, we have concluded to offer the *Era to clubs for four months*, which will embrace the whole period of the campaign, and the time during which official results will be made public, on the following terms:

Ten copies will be sent from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, for *Five Dollars*—the person making up the club being entitled to an extra copy.

STANDING TERMS.

Single copy, one year - - -	$2
Three copies, one year - - -	5
Five copies, one year - - -	8
Ten copies, one year - - -	15
Single copy, six months - - -	1
Ten copies, six months - - -	8

Voluntary agents are entitled to retain 50 cents commission on each new yearly, and 25 cents on each new semi-yearly, subscriber, *except in the case of clubs. Twenty-five* cents is the commission on the *renewal* of an *old* subscriber.

A club of *three* subscribers (*one* of whom may be an *old* one) at $5, will entitle the person making it up to a copy of the *Era three* months; a club of *five* (*two* of whom may be *old* ones) at $8, to a copy for *six* months; a club of *ten* (*five* of whom may be *old* ones) at $15, to a copy for *one year.*

Money to be forwarded by *mail*, at our *risk.* Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposite.

It will be seen that the price of the paper, single copy, is still $2 a year. Agents sometimes allow a subscriber, whom they obtain or renew, the benefit of their commission, so that the subscriber by *their* kindness gets his paper for $1.50 or $1.75, as the case may be.

THE THREE PARTIES—OUR CLAIM.

The Whig and Democratic parties are frequently represented as coeval with the organization of the Government. No assumption can be more untrue.

On the question of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the People of the several States were divided in opinion. Those who favored it were styled Federalists; those who opposed it, Anti-Federalists. The former party triumphed, and came into power with the ratification of the Constitution. In these days there are no Anti-Federalists, if we except the Disunionists of South Carolina and the few Anti-Slavery men who have declared war against the Union.

On the Federalists devolved the task of organizing the first Administration, and laying the foundations of the policy of the country. Questions arose concerning the powers conferred by the Constitution, the sphere of Federal action, the reserved rights of the States and of the People.

The object of the Federalists was, to give activity and application to those powers; and in directing exclusive attention to this matter, they were liable to mistake or exaggerate them. Their old opponents, constrained to acquiesce in the new Government, but still jealous of its operation, and fearful of its trespassing on the rights of the States and of the People, arrayed themselves in opposition, and endeavored now to restrict its sphere, as they had tried to prevent its institution. The conflict naturally engendered bitterness, prejudice, misconception, and excess. A stretch of power on one side led to violent opposition on the other, and this again provoked new usurpations; until Democracy leaned to anarchy, and Federalism to tyranny. At last the Federalists were overthrown, and the Democratic party under Jefferson and Madison controlled the destinies of the country.

Now, the Federalism which passed the Alien and Sedition Laws, has no representatives at this day, organized as a distinct party, though it has its disciples among Whigs and Democrats, as is shown by the attempt of a Whig Administration to introduce among us the law of constructive treason for the protection of Slavery; and in the conduct of the slaveholding sections of both the Whig and Democratic parties, and their allies, when they passed a grossly unconstitutional Fugitive Slave Law, and then in their Conventions attempted to enact its "finality," and suppress freedom of discussion.

On the other hand, the Democratic party which acquired ascendency under Jefferson and Madison, in its general views of the Constitution and in its foreign policy, has perpetuated itself in no particular party, but is represented by both the Whig and Democratic parties of this day, so far as their latest declarations of sentiment may be regarded as defining their positions.

After the war of 1812, until the Presidency of Mr. Monroe, the Democratic party held and acted upon the views of the old Federal party in respect to finance, trade, and internal improvements. It was in favor of a National Bank, of a Protective Tariff, and of a great system of Internal Improvements; and its head, Mr. Madison, recommended the establishment of a National University. Surely the Democratic party of to-day does not recognise itself as the lineal descendant of the Democratic party of 1816! Every distinctive measure of that party it has distinguished itself by opposing. The doctrines and policy of that party now constitute the characteristics of the Whigs, against whom it has so long struggled.

Under the Administration of Mr. Monroe there was a complete lull of party strife. The old topics of controversy had been disposed of; the Federalists appeared content, as the Administration, styled Democratic, had adopted their general views of policy. In fact, old party combinations were broken up.

The two parties, now called Democratic and Whig, were organized in their present forms under the Administration of Gen. Jackson, and had their origin in controversies concerning the connection of Government with banking institutions, the policy of a Protective Tariff, and a system of Internal Improvements by the Federal Government. The old Democratic policy of Madison and Monroe had favored the growth of Centralism, the dread of Democracy. Alliance with the Moneyed Power of the country was endangering the purity of the Federal Government, and investing it with a fearful capacity for mischief; and its schemes of internal improvement, if carried out, would have concentrated power and patronage in its hands at the expense of State sovereignty. Jackson took ground against this policy; those who sustained him were Democrats; those who opposed him soon took the name of Whigs. It may be said that the Democratic party, thus rallied to his support, was but a revival of the old Democratic party. It is useless to dispute about names: one thing is certain, the Democratic party of the last twenty years, which has divorced the Government from Banking, inflicted a death-blow on the policy of a Protective Tariff and of Internal Improvements by the Federal Government, is not the Democratic party of the preceding twenty years, which allied the Government with Banking institutions, sanctioned the principle of Protection, and favored Internal Improvements by Federal action. The Whig and Democratic parties are now scarcely twenty years old. They originated, we said, in a difference of policy respecting the three subjects just referred to. The question of Slavery had nothing to do with their formation; no principle, no rule of conduct, was adopted by them in regard to it. Soon after their organization, it began to be agitated, and demagogues in the South, for their own purposes of mischief, labored to attach to it a fearful political significance. The public mind was needlessly excited, and gross misconception everywhere prevailed; until General Jackson at last called the attention of Congress to the subject, and recommended a law to suppress the circulation of Anti-Slavery matter in the mails. This recommendation, as grossly repugnant in its spirit to the Constitution and to the fundamental principles of civil liberty, as the Alien and Sedition Laws, clearly showed that his Democratic principles embraced nothing within their scope but the questions of policy we have indicated. And this was true of his party.

It must be admitted that the nature of the controversy between the two parties generally attracted to the ranks of the Whigs, Capitalists, Conservatives, supporters of Monopoly, and that class of persons who, inclined to too much government, are disposed to a loose construction of the grants of power in the Constitution, while it led the Democrats to take a position rather antagonistic, and they found themselves constrained to appeal not unfrequently to natural rights and the fundamental principles of Democracy. In this way, though not founded upon these principles, or with any view to their universal application, the Democratic party has come to be regarded by many of its adherents as being committed by its professions to the cause of Progress in all its forms, especially as it relates to the overthrow of Human Bondage.

The questions at issue between these Parties were really settled by the election of 1844. Mr. Clay was the distinct representative of the Whig policy on these questions—Mr. Polk, the distinct representative of the Democratic policy. Notwithstanding the importance which the question of Slavery had assumed, notwithstanding its introduction into politics, and the impending question of the annexation of Texas, the People generally subordinated all these considerations to the old questions at issue between the Whig and Democratic parties, and decided in favor of Democratic policy. In our opinion, the project of a National Bank, the principle of a Protective Tariff, and the policy of a general system of Internal Improvements by the Federal Government, rapidly ceased from that time to be regarded as Party measures, and there would have been a breaking up of old Parties had no new question intervened to keep up their divisions. But it so happened that Mr. Polk's Administration, having disposed of the matters in dispute, took up the question of the annexation of Texas, and involved itself in a controversy with Mexico. In these elements it found means to maintain the organization of its Party, by appealing to the Slave Interest on one side, and to the National pride and passion for territorial aggrandizement on the other. With projects for the acquisition of territory, and a foreign war leading to conquest, it was not difficult to keep alive the old party divisions; but, the war ended, and the acquisitions made, then the question arose, How should the new territory be disposed of? The Slave Interest had sought to extend the area of Slavery; the Democratic supporters of the Administration at the North had assented to no such policy; the Whig Party had unitedly opposed all acquisitions, but was divided on the question, what should be done with them? For the first time, the two Parties found themselves confronted by a Question which had had nothing to do with their formation, on which they had never acted, respecting which they had no principle or rule of conduct; a Question which, if settled upon Principle, would necessarily destroy their respective organizations, as it would divide their Northern from their Southern sections. As might have been expected, they attempted to avoid this result by Evasion or Compromise. As the Presidential election was pending, the Whigs *evaded* the Question, by selecting a candidate uncommitted upon it, but popular as a military leader; and the Democrats *compromised* by nominating a man whose repudiation of the *Wilmot* Proviso constituted his strength in the South, while his reputed belief in the *Mexican* Proviso, it was hoped, would save him in the North.

The experiment did not entirely succeed. Many disaffected Whigs, more disaffected Democrats, drew off, and, uniting with the small band of men resolved to settle the Question on Principle, made a separate nomination, and thereby defeated the Democratic Party. Recollect, no old issue entered into the canvass. That Party was defeated because it took a false position on the Slavery Question.

The policy of Secession prepared the way for the final success of Compromise. The Whig President died before he could carry out his schemes, and the Vice President, his successor, representing the conservative spirit of Whigism, labored for Compromise. By his influence, combined with the pressure of the Slave Interest, enough Whigs and Democrats of the North were induced to abandon the ground of Principle, to secure the success of a system of measures which left the Government under the control of Slavery, laid open the Territories defenceless to its irruption, and gave it new facilities for the arrest of fugitives. What else could have been expected? These old Parties had not been organized for the purpose of acting upon the Slavery Question. They had no well-defined principles in relation to it. Their organization was such, that a settlement of it, on its merits, would have necessarily dissolved them.

And now, what do we see? These two Parties, again arrayed in a Presidential election, marshaling all their forces, to secure the control of the Government for the next four years; while the questions which they were formed to dispose of have been settled, and there is no longer any real issue between them. By their Declarations of Sentiment, at Baltimore, they occupy substantially the same ground. They both recognise the Federal Government as one of derivative powers, to be strictly construed in their application. They both profess a zealous regard for the reserved rights of the States and the People. They both assert the importance of an economical administration of the Government. The Democrats denounce a National Bank: the Whigs ignore such a thing. The Democrats hold that no more revenue should be raised than is enough for the necessary expenses of the Government, and the extinction of the public debt, but affirm nothing concerning the mode in which duties should be laid: the Whigs hold that revenue should be raised for such purposes, and that duties should be laid so as to prevent fraud, and encourage American industry equally in all classes and all portions of the country. The Democrats assert that the Constitution does not confer on the General Government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements: the Whigs do not assert that it does, but that Congress should improve rivers and harbors, whenever such improvements are necessary for the common defence, or for the protection and facility of commerce with foreign nations or among the States, such improvements being in every instance national and general in their character. So that, on not a single question do these Parties take issue with each other. And this is proved, not only by a comparison of their platforms, but by an examination of the acts of their Representatives in Congress. Here, no one dreams of the re-institution of a National Bank. Projects are sometimes submitted in regard to the Tariff, but simply for a revision of its details, and certain changes not implying a return to the old policy of Protection—projects in support of which many Democratic votes are recorded. Whigs and Democrats unite in giving away portions of the public lands for internal improvements, in making appropriations for clearing our great rivers and repairing our lake harbors, and in other expenditures, which are anything but economical.

What, then, is their position? On questions substantially settled, or settled so far that they are not likely to be made subjects of mere party controversy, there is no conflict between them, thus showing that the causes which originated them in their present forms have ceased to exist. On the other hand, they have demonstrated their inability to meet and settle the real Questions which now press upon the American Public for a decision.

On the Slavery Question, as we have seen, they united in betraying the interests and rights of the non-slaveholders, by a shameful Compromise, which they have the folly to suppose will satisfy the People, and in relation to which they have audaciously attempted to put down Freedom of Discussion.

In regard to Land Reform and the disposition of the Public Lands, they have been unable to take any definite ground, and their Representatives in Congress act in the most contradictory way, now voting to secure free homes to the homeless on the Public Domain, and then supporting bounty-land bills, railroad grants, and monster land cessions to the States, involving a profligate waste of this great patrimony of the People.

On the subject of Intervention against Intervention, they shrink from a manly support of the doctrines of our Declaration of Independence, of the well-established Principles of International Law, both combining to hold back this Republic from its proper position in the family of nations. In response to the demand that America should so far interpose in the struggles between Despotism and Republicanism as to throw her moral influence into the scale of Freedom, they have turned their backs upon their less fortunate brethren of other lands, and resolved that the special mission of this country is to take care of itself.

Another important Question the country may at any moment be called upon to deal with—that of Territorial Extension. Our Government is adapted to extensive empire; the character of our People and the nature of their civilization forbid that any fixed limits should be set to our territory. The Whig Party, not recognising this fact, arrays itself against any further extension of territory, even though free from Slavery: the Democratic Party, recognising it, is committed to the extension of territory, even though cursed with Slavery. The true policy—Territorial Extension, where circumstances demand, and justice authorizes, provided it carry Freedom and Free Labor with it—is adopted by neither.

Need we repeat, that the two Parties were not originated to settle these Questions? They do not properly come within the scope of their policy: their training has not been such as would qualify them for dealing with them wisely: their very composition precludes well-principled and appropriate action respecting them. They are composed of Slaveholding and Non-Slaveholding sections, and history shows that the supremacy in their councils has almost uniformly been conceded to the former. But, on the Questions of Slavery, Land Reform, Intervention, and Territorial Extension, the Slave Interest, governed by the law of self-preservation, occupies a position repugnant to the fundamental principles of our Government, to the character and true interests of the American People, and to the demands of a sound and comprehensive Policy. As a condition precedent to a proper disposition of those Questions, one or the other of the two Parties must redeem itself from the control of this powerful Interest; to neither, in its present form and under its present influences, can the American People look for wise action respecting them.

In view of this fact, is it any wonder that a new political organization should become necessary? The secessions of 1848 heralded the Pittsburgh movement of 1852, and the formation of the Independent Democracy was a necessity of the times. Read its Declaration of Principles, and see whether it does not meet their demands. It asserts the true principles of Government, the true character and objects of the Constitution of the United States. In relation to Trade and Finance, it does not seek to disturb the settled policy of the country. On the subjects of River and Harbor Improvements, Cheap Postage, Ocean Postage, and elections by the Popular voice, it occupies ground sanctioned by the American People. It defines clearly the relations of Slavery, its purposes in regard to it, and declares boldly that it aims to divorce the Federal Government from all connection with it. It claims the Public Domain as the heritage of the People, to be held sacred to the use of actual settlers. It asserts the right and duty of the American Government to interpose its voice and influence in behalf of Freedom, wherever it may struggle against the demands of Despotism. And, on the subject of Territorial Extension, if it has not defined in words its position, the voice of its press and the votes of its Representatives show that it will always favor it, unless when attempted, by fraud or violence, or for the extension of the area of Slavery. Its candidates represent its Principles, and they have a right to claim the votes of all those who believe that the Constitution of the United States was formed to establish justice and secure the blessings of Liberty, and that the Whig and Democratic Parties have taken ground repugnant to these aims, and to the best interests of the Republic.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN seems to be creating as much excitement in Great Britain as in this country. We published last week a review of it by a distinguished English author, from Frazer's Magazine. Since then, we have seen a very long critique in the London *Times*, speaking in strong terms of its literary merits, but pronouncing against its tendencies in relation to the Slavery Question. The London *Examiner*, on the other hand, commends it highly, and "devotes three pages to an exhibition of its merits."

THE PUBLIC LANDS—FREE FARMS.

That the public domain should be held sacred and free, in limited quantities, to actual settlers, constitutes an essential part of the creed of the Independent Democrats, as announced by their Convention at Pittsburgh. The policy, though acceptable to the masses of the people, North and South, has been adopted by neither of the old parties, chiefly because repugnant to the Slaveholding Interest, and to the peculiar interests of Capital. It is essentially Democratic, its tendency being to change laborers into land-owners, to multiply the number of small proprietors, to raise the wages of labor, to restrict, consequently, the power of Capital, and to discourage land speculation and monopoly.

It is said, the price of the Public Lands is now so cheap that he must be worthless who cannot raise two hundred dollars to purchase a quarter section. Let us see. He is a man of family. It will cost him a hundred dollars to pay the expenses of emigration to the Far West. He must buy farming implements; he must put up a log cabin; he must lay out money for bread and meat, till he can sow and reap, and raise stock of his own. Very likely, by converting what few valuables he has into money, and borrowing a little, he could contrive to meet all these expenses; but then he must pay down two hundred dollars for his new homestead! Now, all we ask is, that the Government, which is not dependent upon the public domain for its support, shall relieve him from this heavy expense, and secure to him at once a free title to the homestead. The mere fact that, by raising money enough to defray the cost of emigration, and make the necessary outlay for farming, he would secure, without charge, one hundred and sixty acres of good land, for himself and children, would inspire him with new life; he, and the community in which he had so long been a drone or something worse, would be alike gainers. There can be no doubt, then, of the beneficent consequence of this policy to that increasing class of population in the Eastern States, which consumes more than it produces, and is a burden instead of blessing to itself and society.

Small shop-keepers, just able to feed and clothe their children, without giving them the requisite education to secure their advancement in a densely-peopled region; mechanics, distressed for want of work, or by fluctuations in wages; workmen in factories, always the first to suffer when their employers fail to "realize" their expected profits, would so far take advantage of it, as to relieve the older States of their surplus labor, and thus enable the working classes left behind to secure employment on reasonable terms.

There would be no danger of too great a drain of labor; for the man who could make enough by his work, at the anvil or loom, to live respectably, and give his children a fair start in the world, would not be anxious to venture on the hardships of pioneer life.

Nor would the working of this policy in relation to our immigrant population, be less beneficent. It is useless to talk of the evils of foreign immigration. The door is open, and cannot be shut—nor would we shut it, had we the power. The earth is the Lord's, and is for the use of his children. Let them seek homes where it pleases them best. But, while we welcome the stranger to our shores, let us point him to a home where he may escape from the vices of large cities, and from the privations belonging to an old civilization, where he may find independence and a competence, and contribute his full share to the general welfare. Such a home this homestead policy proposes to provide.

We are aware that it is not favored by the class of large Slaveholders; but the poor white men of the South, who are held down by the incubus of Slave Labor, for whose children the State provides no common school instruction, who scarcely can hope ever to rise to social equality with their aristocratic neighbors, will hail it as a measure of relief. True, their transfer to free homes in the West might diminish the police force of the slave States, reduce their political power, and foster the growth of free States in our Territories; but all this can furnish no objection to the policy, in the judgment of the true Democrat—of the man who thinks more of the interests of the Many than of the claims of the Few.

It is a policy, too, of which the free colored people might avail themselves, in the work of self-improvement. Should it finally prevail, (and of this there can be no doubt,) they could then emerge from the degradation to which they are now subjected. They could leave the cities, escape from the oppressive competition and prejudices of their enemies, and distribute themselves as settlers on the public domain. In the possession of independent homes, as industrious producers, they would be treated with respect, encountering little of that prejudice which they cannot surmount so long as so many of them follow menial pursuits, or live in squalor and poverty, without any steady employment at all, in our cities and villages.

In a general way, we may add, that such a policy would retard the growth of a redundant population in particular sections of the country, promote the equalization of conditions, thus favoring the perpetuation of Democratic Institutions in their purity, make foreign immigration a blessing, enlarge the Western market for the sale of Eastern manufactures, and augment the Western granary for the supply of Eastern necessities, thus augmenting internal trade, and multiplying rapidly the materials for external commerce.

As it is, the utmost profligacy prevails in the disposition of the public domain. Speculators buy up large portions of the best districts, and keep them lying idle and unproductive until the labor of the small settlers in the neighborhood has so raised the price of land that they can sell them at enormous profits. Bounty-land bills are passed by Congress, disposing of millions of acres by warrants, which, instead of being located by "poor soldiers," as they are styled, are bought up by agents, at half or two-thirds their value, and made the subjects of an established system of speculation. Trade in bounty-land warrants is as regular a business as buying and selling merchandise. Then there is any amount of "log rolling" legislation. A Representative who has an interest, or represents constituents having an interest, in certain local improvements, seeks to secure a grant of land from Congress to aid in their construction. He finds other Representatives similarly situated, and forthwith they enter into co-partnership, each to sustain the demand of the other; and in this way has grown up a most profligate system of giving away the public lands—giving them in many cases to monopolies, which appropriate them, not to general but merely local purposes.

The proper corrective of this evil is, to adopt the Homestead policy, and secure the Public Lands for the benefit of actual settlers. Turnpikes and railroads will then follow population, and spring up where its necessities require, and its resources authorize. The adoption of this policy by the Independent Democrats, and the warm and consistent support given to it by their candidates, Hale and Julian, shows that their devotion to Freedom is something more than a name, and is not limited to one idea, but embraces the best interests of all classes and races.

BISHOP HUGHES AND POLITICS.

The Washington *Union* publishes a correspondence between Thomas J. Semmes, a Roman Catholic and Democrat, and Archbishop Hughes, in relation to the part which Catholics should take in the coming Presidential election. The object of Mr. Semmes seems to have been to draw from that functionary some expression of opinions which would tell in favor of General Pierce, but he was completely foiled. The reply completely baffles all attempts even to guess the position or views of Bishop Hughes. Mr. Semmes says:

"I address you because, for some weeks past, common rumor has given out in this vicinity, and I believe elsewhere, that you, in conjunction with several other distinguished members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, entertain and express the opinion that the Catholics throughout the Union should regard the approaching Presidential election as a fit opportunity to signify their disapprobation of that portion of the Constitution of the State of New Hampshire, commonly called the religious-test clause, which excludes the Roman Catholic citizens of that State from an equal participation of the privileges and immunities enjoyed by their Protestant brethren; and that, as a merited rebuke to the State of New Hampshire, the Catholic voters should manifest their disapprobation at the polls by voting against General Pierce, regardless of ordinary party affinities and political predilections.

"In consequence of your exalted station in the church, adorned as it is by such distinguished ability, your opinions, without any active exertion on your part, must necessarily have great influence on Catholic sentiment, particularly in respect to a subject partaking of a religious nature. I therefore write you, in order, if the rumor be false, to destroy its effects by contradicting it upon authority; but, if true, to indicate the reasons which have brought my mind to a different conclusion, in the hope that if I am wrong, you will do me the favor to point out my error, and if I am right, you will adopt my conclusion."

The reply is brief, and leaves Mr. Semmes just as well informed as it found him.

NEW YORK, *September* 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR: I have read through and carefully, the letter which you addressed to me, under date 11th instant, in regard to the impending election of President of the United States, and the part which you think the Catholic citizens of the republic ought to take in it. The two candidates presented are General Scott and General Pierce. The entire American people appear to be nearly equally divided in opinion, as to which of these two will make the better Chief Magistrate. This fact seems to intimate a general opinion that the country will be safe under the four years' Presidency of either. As to the Catholics, they have never been consulted as to the limited choice between these two. The probability is that, like their fellow-citizens of other denominations, they will be divided—some voting for one candidate, and some for the other. Like others, they are liable to err in their choice. But, under all the circumstances, I should prefer that, voting honestly, each according to his own judgment, they should err with the minority, or (what is equally possible) with the majority of their fellow-citizens of all denominations, rather than see them guarded against such danger of erring in their choice of President by any ecclesiastical influence.

I am sure that with your enlightened mind and large Catholic education, you will appreciate the reasons on which this my humble opinion is founded, whether or not you will agree with me in regard to its justice and expediency. In any event, however, I beg leave to subscribe myself.

Your sincere and devoted servant in Xt.

† JOHN, *Archbishop of New York.*

Thomas J. Semmes, Esq.

For ourselves, we must say that we have no sympathy with the attempts made in this canvass to arouse sectarian feeling, and array religious denominations in support of or against particular candidates.

WHO OWNS BRITISH NORTH AMERICA?

Such is the title of a remarkable article which appeared in the *Democratic Review* for August. The writer, by a reference to authorities which appear to be indisputable, shows that the ownership of Nova Scotia and Canada was vested in William Alexander, a commoner of Great Britain, who was born in 1580, and was First Master of Requests to James VI of Scotland and I of England. He was knighted in 1625, and ennobled in 1630, receiving the title of Lord Alexander of Tullibodie and Viscount Stirling. At different times, by several charters granted by James I and Charles I, confirming each other, he was invested with the proprietorship and lordship of what is now British North America. The French, as we know, contested the claim of Britain, and for a century held possession of the country themselves; but they were finally dispossessed, and the title of Great Britain was fully confirmed, to Nova Scotia in 1757, to Canada in 1760.

Meantime the heirs of the Earl of Stirling had not been able to assert their rights, but the establishment of the title of Britain necessarily involved the revival of the charters granted to that family, as they could not be annulled by the French usurpation. At the peace of Paris in 1763, the right of inheritance was in John, the great-great-grandson of the first Earl of Stirling; but he died three years thereafter, and his successor, the eighth earl, and last male heir, died three years after him, so that neither had time to establish his rights; and, says the writer in the *Review*, "a most extraordinary fact took place, to wit—that for almost fifty years the right of exercising all the great powers of the charters was dormant, because it fell upon the female heirs of the said last heir male, of whom Mary died in 1794, and Hannah, the mother of the present Earl, in 1814." Alexander, Viscount Canada and now ninth Earl of Stirling, her son, was at that time in captivity in France, but escaping in 1815, with such means as were left him from the spoliation to which he had been subjected, assumed in 1825 his peerage rights as Earl of Stirling. As a peer he repeatedly voted, unquestioned, and his title was recognised by the Lord Chancellor of England. The highest law authority of Scotland, all the thirteen judges having been consulted, recognised his rights unanimously, and four juries, at different times, did the same thing in cases where they were brought into controversy.

But the charters under which he held his titles associated with it the proprietorship of the noblest colonies of England, and it was not to be expected that the Government would surrender this without a struggle. He was subjected to the necessity of constant litigation, and in 1839 to a trial for forgery. The jury triumphantly acquitted him; but his counsel proved false, and the Court gave such instructions that it was subsequently compelled, not to reverse this verdict of acquittal, but to accompany it with such an expression of opinion concerning the charters, as obliged him again to enter into a contest with the whole power of the Government. This he could not do—his means were exhausted—he left the shores of England. At last he came to this country, and with a large family, this legal representative of the Stirling rights and estates, now seventy years of age, is residing at present in Washington.

Such is the substance of the article in the *Review*. It will attract attention, and win sympathy for the family, which, as it would seem for political reasons, is denied its rights.

It is understood that it is determined to prosecute the matter, until justice be done.

"THE WHITE SLAVE."—Two editions of this work, the author of which is Rich'd Hildreth, have been published in London.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Journal of the United States Agricultural Society. Vol. 1, No. 1.

We rejoice at the prospect of so important an acquisition to our Agricultural literature, as this promises to become. Farming has been too long a mere mechanical process, regulated by traditional principles; success has been too partial and too much a mere matter of chance, and the title of Farmer has been too long associated with that of clod-hopper. It is time that we, the occupants of this vast expanse of mountain and valley, this magnificent episode of God's universe, had wakened to the fact that stalwart frames and brawny arms will not of themselves constitute true farmers. Intellect and science must exercise their functions in this important department of political and social economy—impel the plough, direct the arm, and teach the mingling of soils to a far greater extent than they have yet done, ere the true philosophy of farming can be attained.

It is proposed to issue the work before us, quarterly: making it the vehicle of all the information upon the various branches of agriculture, that can be obtained by exchange with similar publications, both at home and abroad, and also by the employ of some of our most distinguished agriculturists, to furnish original contributions regularly—all tending to practically promote the general agricultural interests of the whole country.

The work will be handsomely gotten up, judging from this number, which contains one hundred and forty-four pages, and twenty-three articles, the chief among which are, National Agricultural Convention; United States Board of Agriculture; Notes and Observations on the Soils of the Sciota Valley; Experiments in Draining; On Mismanagement of Farm Horses; Progress of Agriculture in Massachusetts; &c., &c.

The annual payment of two dollars will constitute a membership of the Society, and secure a copy of each number of this Journal. All who are desirous may become members by addressing a postpaid letter to Dr. Daniel Lee, Corresponding Secretary, Washington, D. C., giving the name of their Post Office, County and State, and enclosing the above-named sum. *

Report on Capital Punishment. By Hon. T. Purrington. Washington: Gideon & Co., Printers.

This Report was made to the Maine Legislature in 1836, by the Joint Select Committee of which Mr. Purrington was Chairman, and is unquestionably one of the ablest and most convincing arguments, in favor of the abolishment of Capital Punishment, that have been prepared in this country. It presents the question in several original forms, and should be read by both friend and foe.

The pamphlet contains sundry other interesting papers relating to the subject, besides the Report. *

The Christian Examiner. September, 1852. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

The articles are: 1. The Epistle to the Hebrews; its Doctrine of the Last Things. The author makes an exceedingly elaborate and erudite analysis of this famous Epistle, and deduces a meaning which differs very materially from most of the interpretations extant. His argument against the Calvinistic idea of "the atonement," as based upon certain passages of this Epistle, is ingeniously sustained. Art. 2. Present Condition of Palestine. This is one of the most interesting papers upon the Holy Land we have seen, considering its limits. It occupies but twenty-two pages, yet gives a comprehensive idea of the agricultural, social, and political condition of the whole country. The last two paragraphs are devoted to an able and plausible argument in favor of the probability that the Jews will again obtain the dominion of the God-cursed land. Art. 3. The Origin and Fate of Mormonism. This stupendous imposture is here handled in a style commendably merciless. The author makes a clear and lucid exposition of the miserable trickery and falsehood which characterized Smith and the whole institution. The article is well worth reading. Art. 4. Lord Jeffrey. Art. 5. European Travel. Art. 6. Dr. Frothingham's Sermons. Art. 7. The Country Pastor, &c., &c., &c. *

Christian Biography. By Merritt Caldwell, A. M. New York: Lane & Scott. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

The design of this little book is to prove that a large majority of the world's great men have been believers in the Christian Religion. It is interesting and valuable, inasmuch as it concentrates within two hundred pages, the dates of birth and death, and a short sketch of the profession and general character of more than a hundred of the shining lights of the world. *

Gems of Female Biography. Compiled by Rev. Daniel Smith. New York: Lane & Scott. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne.

This is a comely volume to look upon. Its purpose is to counteract the undue tendency to levity and frivolity which has manifested itself in a large portion of the "young ladies" of our land; to which end it furnishes well-written and concise biographies of some of the most prominent examples of true womanhood that history can furnish. *

A Letter to a Young Man who has just entered College, from an older one who has been through. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

We would rejoice if this little pamphlet could be put into the hands, and its contents into the heart, of every young man in the land. Though nominally addressed to a collage student, every word will apply to the universal fact of life, whether found in the college, the counting house, or the workshop. There is more true philosophy in its forty pages, than it is often one's fortune to find in the same space. *

Thoughts in a Library. By Henry M. Bailey, Librarian of the Young Men's Institute, Hartford, Conn. F. A. Brown, Publisher.

The proceeds of the sale of this little pamphlet are to be given to the Free Episcopal Mission Church of Hartford. The sanctimonious hue of its exterior made our taking it up rather compulsory, (we have an instinctive dislike for drab-backed pamphlets,) but we confess to have been really charmed by its genial, sunny style. Success to it! *

The Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by Robert Chambers. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Franck Taylor, Washington, D. C.

This is certainly the most complete edition of Burns that has yet appeared, and it strikes us that the editor's plan of compilation is the true one, both with reference to this and all similar works. We not only have all the poems, all the letters, and all the incidents, but we have them all in juxtaposition. We follow at once both the actual and ideal life of the poet. We trace each poem from its source to its terminus, and gather, as we go along, all the incidents and relative circumstances, each in its legitimate connection. We understand each point as we meet it, without the usual and miserable process of stars, notes, and references.

We regret that the publishers did not exercise their usual liberality in selecting the type for this work. Had it been but a shade larger, though involving a fifth volume, it would have added greatly to the beauty of the publication, and surely no one would have demurred at the additional expense. *

The Institutes of Algebra. By Gerardus Beekman Docharty, L. L. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Franck Taylor, Pa. avenue, Washington, D. C.

The author says that the experience of twenty-five years in teaching the Mathematics has convinced him that the science of Algebra is the most difficult branch that the student encounters. We agree with him—he is a sensible man. His object in this work is to lighten the labor of the instructor and facilitate the progress of the pupil, and he has embraced in it all that is necessary for a collegiate course.

Cicero's Tusculan Disputations. With English Notes. By Charles Anthon, L. L. D. Published and for sale as above.

This edition of the Disputations is based upon that of Tischer, which forms part of a work now in course of publication at Leipsic, under the supervision of Drs. Haupt & Sauppe. Tischer's Notes have been translated by Mr. Paul, late of Exeter College, Oxford, and this translation is the basis of Professor Anthon's work. The Professor states that he has revised the whole very carefully, and interspersed occasional comments of his own.

The typography does credit to the publishers.

Butler's Analogy. With an Analysis. Published and for sale as above.

An analysis of this profound work, as far as the end of Chapter 2, Part II, with a skeleton embracing the whole, was found among the unfinished papers of the late President Emory, of Dickinson College. This analysis was completed by R. Crooks, according to the original plan, and, with a biographical sketch of Bishop Butler, is prefixed in this work to the Analogy.

The editor has performed his task well. The analysis, so far as we have examined it, is clear, logical, and exact, and must be of great advantage to a full comprehension of the profound but sometimes involved reasoning of the Analogy.

Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers. Vol. IV. Published and for sale as above.

Dr. Hanna closes with this volume his Memoirs of Chalmers. It derives peculiar interest from the account given of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland and the establishment of the Free Church, a movement in which Dr. Chalmers played a conspicuous part.

Washington City Young Men's Christian Association.—We are indebted to Mr. Langdon, Corresponding Secretary of this Association, for a copy of its constitution and bylaws. It was organized on the 29th of June last, on the model of several similar associations in our Eastern cities. The object is specially to furnish the young men of the city, and young men, strangers here, society and entertainment and privileges of a healthful religious character, so as to save them from temptations to vice. An essential part of the plan is to give them the advantages of Reading Rooms and a Library. The rooms of this Society are on Seventh near E street. Its officers, beside the Board of Managers, are the following: A. H. Lawrence, President; T. J. Johnson, Z. Richards, A. N. Zevely, and James N. Davis, Vice Presidents; W. C. Langdon, Corresponding Secretary; W. J. Rhees, Recording Secretary; M. N. Miller, Treasurer; A. L. Edwards, Librarian.

☞ "**Newport Safety Fund Bank of Kentucky.**"—We know nothing against this Bank—presume it is good—but, as our brokers here will not buy it, we hope our friends will send us no notes of such a denomination.

A PETTY GAME.

The *Republic* and Washington *Union* continue to address themselves to the South, and in such a way as must be offensive to Southern men of intelligence. What is Scott, cries the *Union*, but the creature of Seward, that dread foe of the South? See, too, how on his way to the West he is welcomed by Johnston, the ally of the Gorsuch murderers! What is Pierce, retorts the *Republic*, but the creature of Soulé and Van Buren, the representative of Southern Disunion and Northern Free-Soilism? Look at his supporters—Preston King, John Van Buren, the Clevelands, the Bryants, the Stantons! Horrible!

The Free Soil Press, too, it insists, advocates his election; and so does Sumner, whose speech against the Fugitive Slave Law the *New York Evening Post*, a Pierce paper, publishes as a document for the canvass!

Hold! cries the *Union*; the Hale nomination is all a trick. Scott is gone to the West, to make arrangements with Hale and Julian for the easy transfer of their followers to his ranks. And here is the *National Era*, which is constantly pouring out the phials of its wrath upon the devoted head of Pierce—Ah! it would not benefit Scott in the South to be supported openly by such a journal, but its warmest sympathies are enlisted in his behalf!

We should think that the good sense and self-respect of the South would revolt at such humbuggery.

Dinner to Mr. Giddings.—The dinner given to Mr. Giddings by the constituents of the old Twentieth District, came off in the public square at Painesville, on the 18th. Hon. J. T. Morse presided. Speeches were made by Messrs. Hamlin, Chase, Hale, Wade, Smith, and Giddings; and letters were read, warmly complimentary to Mr. Giddings, from Cassius M. Clay, Samuel Lewis, Amasa Walker, Geo. W. Julian, Judge Jay, Joseph Cable, and John W. Howe, Members of Congress, and R. P. Spalding.

The *Painesville Democrat* says of Mr. Chase's speech, that "it was an able and forcible exposition of what constituted Democratic principles—showing most clearly that the principles of the Baltimore platform were anti-democratic, sectional, and not national; that the Fugitive Law, which that platform endorsed, was unconstitutional, and opposed to the principles of Democracy, and that Democrats that wished to be loyal to the Democratic idea in the Government could not sustain the Baltimore platform, or the men that stood upon it. But in the Pittsburgh platform of the Free Democracy, and in John P. Hale, were principles, and a man that Democrats could heartily support. We give but a very meager outline of Mr. C.'s remarks. But we can say, on this question of Human Freedom, Salmon P. Chase is sound to the core."

"Can you tell me why some of our Free Soil friends in the Senate voted against the resolution making the officers of the Senate elective at the commencement of each Congress? I should think it a good resolution.

"A Subscriber."

We think so too. Frequent and regularly recurring elections secure just responsibility, and are unfavorable to the growth of corruption. Why some of our Free Soil Senators voted against the resolution, we cannot tell, except through pure good nature. We hope they will think better of the matter hereafter.

The Syracuse Free Democrat, N. Y.—J. E. Winston, publisher; R. R. Raymond, editor. We have received the first number of a new weekly, bearing this title, large, well printed, and well filled, devoted to the cause of Free Democracy. It is now issued for the campaign, but will assume a permanent form from the first of next November. It promises to be a very efficient advocate of Freedom.

Independent Democrats of New York City.—We are glad to see indications of a rally in New York city for Hale and Julian. The New York *Evening Post* of Friday last, says:

"A most enthusiastic meeting of Free-Soilers was held last evening, in the Chinese Assembly Rooms, Broadway—Mr. Thomas S. Berry in the chair. The meeting was called for the special purpose of transacting some committee business, and it was not supposed there would be many present. About 8 o'clock, however, so large was the number of persons in attendance, that the room was crowded, and many were compelled to listen to the proceedings from the outside. When the meeting was organized, the Secretary read the names of the delegates elected to the State Convention, nearly all of whom announced their readiness to attend, or appoint substitutes."

The *Post* says that the meeting was addressed by Mr. Nevins, of Ohio, who "denounced, in severe terms, the conduct of those who supported General Pierce as a matter of expediency, and instanced a few cases of defection from the Free Soil ranks. One case was that of a man who had always been a Free-Soiler, and who was so ashamed of his conduct that he left the State rather than remain among his former political associates."

"After addresses from Mr. Bigelow of Washington, Mr. Huntington of Norwich, Conn., Dr. Vienois, Mr. Overback, Dr. Ball, Mr. Berry, and other gentlemen, the meeting adjourned till Thursday evening next, when a thorough plan of organization will be perfected. Hon. Minthorne Tompkins, Henry Wilson, Esq., and Mr. Lewis Tappan, will be present on that occasion. During the meeting, the County Nominating Committee were in session."

The Free Democrats of Hamilton County, Ohio, have put in nomination the following ticket:

For Congress—1st district, Jno. Jolliffe, Esq.; 2d district, L. A. Hine.
For Representative—Richard Gaines.
For Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—A. N. Sheppard.
For Sheriff—Samuel Davis.
For Recorder—John G. Sexton.
For Auditor—John G. Olden.
For County Commissioner—L. S. Bartlett.
For Prosecuting Attorney—Jas. Birney, Esq.
For Coroner—Wm. Ganard.

The selection of District Assessors was left to the respective districts, and hereafter to be reported to the Executive Committee.

Mr. Jolliffe was formerly a member of the Democratic party, and Mr. Hine is a prominent Land Reformer.

Pennsylvania Election.—On account of the difficulty of distributing tickets throughout Pennsylvania, the Free Democratic Committee of Allegheny county have procured the printing of sufficient State and electoral tickets to supply each subscriber of the *Era* in that State with some, which we enclose in an extra of this week's paper. Those receiving them are earnestly requested to take measures for distributing them on the day of election—preserving the electoral tickets till the Presidential election. In consequence of some errors in the latter, as published last week, we republish the Pennsylvania electoral ticket:

William B. Thomas, W. J. Mullen, Joseph Lindsey, Wm. Mahlkee, Hiram Miller, Isaac Roberts, Elijah Lewis, J. S. Longshore, Elijah Dechert, Joseph Gibbons, M. McKinney, John W. Lott, W. C. Gildersleeve, George W. Jackson, J. F. E. Seigert, G. Z. Dimmick, G. G. Colvin, James Smith, W. Wright, Peter McCoy, John Graff, W. Brownlee, N. B. Craig, Thomas Stephens, R. W. Cunningham, R. E. Anderson, T. F. Randolph.

CONVENTION IN ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY, N. Y.

St. Lawrence is a strong Democratic county, represented in the present Congress by our friend, Preston King. The Free Democrats have lately established a paper there, and have fully organized themselves for the coming election. They met in Convention at Canton on the 15th, and delegates from twenty towns appeared in their places. The meeting was called to order by Col. S. F. Judd, and Martin Mitchell was elected Chairman *pro tem.* A committee of one from each town having been appointed, recommended the following nominations for permanent officers, which were adopted:

President—Clark Main, of Hermon.
Vice Presidents—W. W. Wood, De Kalb; Rev. L. S. Baker, Hermon; Rev. B. Burnap, Parishville.
Secretaries—Col. S. F. Judd, Ogdensburgh; H. R. Ames, Potsdam.
Assistant Secretary—Hephurn Comrie, Gouverneur.

Various committees were appointed, on business, on organization, &c. The Convention was addressed by Messrs. Pangborn, Barber, Burnap, Cushman, and several other gentlemen. A Congressional Committee, a County Committee, Assembly and Town Committees, were then organized. Resolutions were passed, in favor of the "Laborer," the new paper lately started at Gouverneur, denunciatory of the Fugitive Law, and ratifying the Pittsburgh nominations. The following resolutions were also unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That for us to condemn the platform and support the party which stands upon it, would be declaring to the world that we had forsaken PRINCIPLES, and yielded ourselves to be governed by party dictation.

Resolved, That if the national nominations made "under slaveholding dictation" in '48, furnished sufficient reason for the Free Democracy at the Buffalo Convention to "declare their independence of the slave power," and to nominate independent candidates, the conventions and nominations of 1852 furnish us no evidence why we should *now* yield to slaveholding dictation, by sustaining a position immeasurably more abhorrent to every true Free-Soiler than was assumed by any party in 1848.

Resolved, That we, the people here assembled, who in 1848 broke party ties and planted ourselves upon the Buffalo platform, believing it essentially just and right, and demanded by the exigency of the occasion, have not seen the slightest reason to doubt the correctness of our views, and subsequent events have only added additional reasons for the maintenance of our most solemn promises "to fight on and fight ever, until victory crown our exertions."

We should be happy to give the proceedings in detail, but our columns are too crowded.

Illinois.—The Free Democracy of Kane county, Illinois, assembled in Mass Convention at St. Charles, September 16. Miles Kinney presided, assisted by D. M. Kelsey and P. Sawyer, as Secretaries. The Convention was addressed by several gentlemen—among them, Dr. Snodgrass, of Baltimore—and seemed controlled by a strong purpose to make a thorough organization for the county. The formation of a club in every town was urgently recommended. A. J. Jocelyn was nominated for Representative. Several good resolutions were adopted, among them the following:

Resolved, That the adoption by the Free Democracy of those great principles of reform demanded by the wants of the people, among which are Land Reform, Cheap Postage, Election of all officers by the People, the settlement of national disputes by arbitration, prove that that party is pre-eminently the party of Progress, the party of the People, the True Democratic Party of the Nation.

Another Convention Called.—The Committee appointed by the late National Convention of the Liberty Party in New York, having received no answers from Hale and Julian to the inquiries addressed to them, respecting their views on the legality of Slavery, has, in obedience to instructions, called another Convention of that Party, to meet at Syracuse on the 30th. The Committee expresses entire confidence in the Pittsburgh nominees, and calls the Convention because constrained to do so by its instructions.

For the National Era.

EUREKA.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

I ran through a garden of roses, at morning,
Uncaring the whither or why,
When, sudden as light, came a musical warning,
That thrilled in my heart like a sigh.
"Seek! seek!"—one low word—and there followed no other:
I gathered a white lily bell;
A doveling I caught, newly left by its mother;
I stooped for a pebble, a shell—
But just as a joyous "Eureka" replied,
My dove flew away, and my white lily died,
My pebble and shell lost the light of the wave,
And "I have not found" was the answer I gave.

Then outward I sally, a fearless crusader,
With "Seek" as a herald before;
On Error's dominions I march, an invader,
To earn myself laurels and gore.
I stride, an impatient Goliath, to battle;
My foes are but pigmies to-day:
"Eureka!" I shout—while the war-thunders rattle.
The victor rides forth from the fray.
"Eureka"—why palsies my tongue at the word?
Chimera yields not to a mortal's dull sword;
Lo! giants arise from the blood of the slain;
Alike, were the search and the struggle in vain.

Now, bring me my staff; for the pilgrim sees yonder
An altar, a Mecca of rest;
Beside that calm shrine I will seat me, and ponder,
And be in my solitude blest.
There, Peace shall bend over me—Peace, the pure angel;
There, Love shall stay, folding his wings:
"Eureka!" I hear it! a soothing evangel—
'Tis brooding Reflection that sings;
Still cheated! still Ixion is grasping a cloud;
The white robe of peace, see! it is but a shroud;
My Mecca I leave, for I vainly have sought;
The garden, the battle, the shrine—they are nought.

Now pausing, a wanderer restless yet weary,
"Seek! seek!" how it sounds, like a moan!
Oh, *where?* for around all is barren and dreary;
Beyond lies the dread, the unknown!
And upward—oh joy! what a glory is breaking!
Why looked I not upward before?
My soul, like a planet, in sunlight is waking,
To suffer eclipse never more.
"Eureka!" all dazzled with splendor I stand;
Light upward and inward, a Father at hand;
A crown overhead, that ere long I shall win;
"Eureka!" the Kingdom of God is within!

Mr. Benton left Washington for Missouri a few days ago. His intention is to return in December.

General Scott has been warmly welcomed by the Whigs of Pennsylvania and Ohio on his way to the West.

"**Janus.**"—We have just received the *Janus*, a German paper published in New York, by Messrs. Heinzen & Magenis. It is well printed, in quarto form, eight pages, and edited with great ability. It is the paper to which our correspondent referred last week, as sustaining the nomination of Hale and Julian. The intellectual force and sound principles of its editors must give it great weight with our German citizens.

"**The Free Democrat,**" is the title of a campaign paper just started at Lockport, N. York, by the Democratic League at that place. It is published at 25 cents till after the election, and communications should be addressed to J. P. Murphy. It contains cheering accounts of the progress of the Independent Democracy in that part of the State.

"**The True Democrat,**" is the name of another campaign paper, for Hale and Julian, just issued at Cooperstown, New York. Wm. S. King, editor. Such papers are springing up rapidly, indicating a very general disposition among the Anti-Slavery voters of New York to rally in support of the Pittsburgh nomination. We learn that Mr. Hale is to attend the State Convention to be held at Syracuse on the 29th of this month.

Wisconsin.—A State Convention of the Free Democracy, held lately at Milwaukie, has put in nomination the following electoral ticket:

Byron Kilborn and Warren Chase, for the State. C. Latham Sholes for the first district, Samuel D. Hastings for the second, and Hiram McKee for the third.

"**Charles Durkee,**" says the Oshkosh *Democrat*, "has been recommended by two or three County Conventions of the Free Democracy of his district, as a candidate for re-election to Congress, and the Free Democratic papers put up his name accordingly. In fact, he is the candidate, by acclamation, of the Party there, and will be run without the formality of a nomination by a District Convention. This is an honorable testimony to the worth and integrity of the man."

Mr. Brinkerhoff.—At a Convention of the Free Democrats of the 13th district, (Ohio,) on the 13th instant, on motion of the Hon. J. M. Root, Jackob Brinkerhoff, formerly a Democratic Representative in Congress, was nominated by acclamation as candidate for Congress from that district.

Anson Burlingame, famous in Massachusetts for his ready oratory, has been nominated by the Independent Democrats of the fifth district in that State for Congress. Wm. Appleton is re-nominated by the Whigs.

The Whig State Convention for New York met at Syracuse on the 22d, and renominated Governor Hunt for the office of Governor. Judge Kent, of New York city, received the nomination of Lieutenant Governor. The following nominations were also made: For *Canal Commissioner*, Thomas Kempshall; State Prison Inspecter, E. C. Crosby.

Commander Ringgold, of the United States Navy, has been appointed to the command of the expedition to explore and survey the China and Japan seas, Behrings Straits, and the route to and from California to China.

And Another.—The Oneida *Telegraph*, published at Oneida, Madison county, (N. Y.,) raises this week the Hale and Julian flag. It is a sound, spirited, and well-conducted journal.

Gerritt Smith has been nominated for Congress by the Free Democrats of the 22d District, New York. He is so well known and beloved in his own District that his election will not be surprising.

Hale Dinner.—We were in error, last week, in saying that the dinner tendered to Mr. Hale in Cleveland was to be given by the Free Democracy. It was not of a party nature. It came off at the *American* on Wednesday evening last. Speeches in response to sentiments given were made by Messrs. Hale, Giddings, Chase, and others. The audience present was large and intelligent. We infer from the *True Democrat's* description, that those present had a happy time of it.

Ohio Star.

The dinner marked quite an *era* in civilization—the bottle being excluded, and woman admitted! That was a dinner worthy of the times.

Convention in the 17th Congressional District, (O.)—From the report of the proceedings of a Free Democratic Convention, held at Summerfield, Monroe county, on the 16th inst., we learn that Nathan Hollister was nominated for Congress. It was resolved to hold a mass meeting of the Independent Democracy of the District at Barnesville, Belmont county, on the 8th October. William Steele, Stafford, Monroe county, J. W. Newport, Wm. Horton, James Smith, and George Reebey, were elected a Central Committee.

Joseph W. Young has been nominated as the Free Democratic candidate for Congress in the 6th District, Indiana.

Contradiction.—The story that Mr. Giddings and Mr. Stanton had jointly franked certain documents to Port Byron, Illinois, is thus contradicted by Mr. Stanton:

Maysville, (Ky.,) *Sept.* 8, 1852.

To the Editor of the Union:

The *Union* of the 12th instant contains the following paragraph from the *Republic:*

"A correspondent, who is entirely reliable, sends us the Loco Galphin pamphlet from Port Byron, Illinois, and says they are being circulated through that section, done up in packages of a dozen, with the two outside ones franked by R. H. Stanton, and all the balance franked by J. R. Giddings, and left blank for postmasters to direct.

"We mention this as proof that Giddings is one of Pierce's 'abolition allies.'"

I need scarcely say that I have never franked any document for such a purpose, nor authorized it to be done. The use of my name in such a connection, and for such a design, is a clumsy and unmitigated fraud. With Mr. Giddings I have no political sympathy or association; and so far from his being an "abolition ally" of General Pierce, he is known to be one of the most industrious and violent enemies of that gentleman.

With great respect, your friend, &c.,
R. H. Stanton.

See! how true to Liberty the noble-hearted Germans are! They deserve to be free! It becomes their honesty, good sense, and independent character. *

From "Der Freie Presse," a Philadelphia German daily Democratic newspaper.

CONSIDERATIONS BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

WHAT THE SLAVE-HUNTING LAW IS.

In the 9th resolution of the Democratic Platform it is said:

"That Congress has no power under the Constitution to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that such States are the sole and proper judges of everything appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution; that all efforts of the Abolitionists and others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people and endanger the stability and permanence of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions."

It was afterwards resolved—"*that the Democratic party will resist every attempt, in Congress or out of it, to renew the slavery agitation, in whatever form or color the attempt may be made.*"

We might here, in all seriousness, inquire of our German fellow-citizens who belong to the Democratic party, and who, in the incorruptibility of their hearts, glow with honest fervor for Pierce and Democracy, whether they can exhibit themselves in Germany before their friends and enemies, with the above articles of the Democratic confession of faith in their button-hole, without sinking, for shame, into the earth. Can they bear the anger of their friends or the scorn of their enemies upon such Democracy? What would they reply, were it told them that their duties in their fatherland were far less disgusting and degrading than these duties of republicans, who, at the command of some sheriff, must run to slave-catching? And the duties of Democrats bind them never to repeal such a law. Never can he make the people comprehend that he lives in a free country, when the party to which he belongs will not tolerate agitation against slavery.

The crimes of slavery avenge themselves. The Goddess of Vengeance is upon us. Our own freedom is sacrificed to slavery. It is long since there has been any freedom of the press or of speech in the Southern States. The whites in South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, &c., dare not speak or write as they think; they dare not let such newspapers as they prefer to read approach them; and a traveller from the North must, in respect to the peculiar institutions of the South, express himself with the same reserve as a traveller in Russia, respecting the peculiar, but far less horrible, institutions of the Czar's empire.

The detriment to freedom, in consequence of slavery, is nothing new. Ever since the passage of this law for hunting human beings, new barriers, new oppressions, become needful. This grossest barbarity against the colored is revenged by the grossest mutilation of our own freedom; and it is the Democratic party that has volunteered itself (first) to this hangman-service.

Every law may be repealed. This is a principle of the republican atmosphere we breathe. The conviction that the people can abolish every law that is detestable and iniquitous is identical with the consciousness of our freedom. Every law that is in its nature repealable, but is declared irrepealable, is a shaft in the vitals of freedom—is an annihilation of the first principles of freedom. But the Democratic Platform compels the Democratic party to annihilate this POSTULATE of freedom in favor of this one law—a law that limits the people's will, and deprives us of national legislation. This JEWEL, to which we must sacrifice our own freedom, is the law for catching the fleeing slaves!

Even this is not enough. Democracy is radical; and, not content with chaining its hands, its mouth must be gagged, and even its tongue must be tied. The Democrats bind themselves, as they say in their platform, to resist every attempt to renew the slavery question, in Congress and out of it.

This is but an innate devout wish, only a further perfecting of Democracy, which cannot be realized without importing the censor from Italy, espionage from France, examining commissioners from Germany, and leather from Russia. But we see of what spirit the bantling thus called Democracy is, and to what daring intents it is inclined. It promises to us, not the propagation of freedom, but of despotism; an attack upon the people's own sovereignty—an attack upon free discussion. And all this—for what? Because the slaveholder so wills.

Slavery is a calamity, to which really no limit can now be set; but before we throw our political influence into the scale of a party that offers such sacrifice to slaveholders, let us reflect that slavery is a lawless monster; that the slaves, like cattle, are articles of trade; that slavery, like the horrible mark upon Cain, sticks upon the hopeful countenance of this Republic; that the slaveholders have determined to give slavery extension an everlasting duration: that for these purposes they endeavor to realize the control of the politics of the whole Union. Let us reflect that the slave law scandalizes our name, inasmuch as it imposes on us the duty of chasing slaves; that this law lays the freedom of human beings, and of all their posterity, in the hands of corrupt commissioners; let us remember that loyalty to this law, as a touchstone, constitutes good Democrats; and then finally ask ourselves whether we can answer to our own consciences for giving such a party our support.

The foregoing is from yesterday's "Freie Presse." A continuation of it is promised, but has not appeared to-day. In the same paper, to-day, is the report of a committee of a mass meeting of "Working men," held in the Northern Liberties on the 30th July last, from which we transcribe the following extract:

"Two principal obstacles oppose us—Slavery *within* the United States. This must, therefore, through general co-operation throughout the whole Union, be removed in a way tolerable to the slaveholder. Meanwhile, every slave State should, within itself, operate so that this stain on our Republic be exterminated."

The other "principal obstacle" is the Public Land Law; the report of the committee on that point coincides with that of the late Pittsburgh Free Soil Convention that nominated Hale and Julian.

Another resolution of the same people, at a meeting at the same place, on the 17th inst., is as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we are opposed to slavery in the United States, because its continuance is an abominable stain on our free Republic."

Continued Troubles in Cuba.—Insurrectionary movements in Cuba continue, as appears by the following intelligence:

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM HAVANA.

New Orleans, September 23.—The steamer Empire City has arrived here, with advices from Havana to the 19th instant. A council of war was to be held at Havana on the 13th ultimo, to try the case of eleven persons charged with being concerned in a revolutionary paper.

The *Picayune* learns by this arrival, through its Havana correspondents, that arrests were making daily in Havana, and throughout the island, and that spies were swarming in every part of Cuba.

The American papers are now prohibited, without exception or favor.

Government troops are being sent into all parts of the island, and stationed at convenient points for immediate service.

The Government has received intelligence that twelve hundred stand of arms had been landed at or near Cienfuegos; two hundred of them had been seized, and the residue were carried to the mountains by the owners, or original possessors, and country people. Great excitement continues to prevail, and the authorities are much alarmed.

The officers, crew, and passengers of the Empire City were politely and courteously treated whilst at Havana by the authorities.

CONGRESSIONAL MASS MEETING IN THE FOURTH DISTRICT, INDIANA.

The Free Soil Party of the fourth Congressional district will hold a Mass Meeting at Rushville, in Rush county, Indiana, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, the 9th day of October, 1852.

All persons, without respect to party, who feel an interest in the welfare of our common country, are respectfully invited to attend.

It is confidently expected that G. W. Julian, S. C. Stephens, J. H. Cravens, S. S. Harding, J. P. Milliken, A. L. Robinson, and several other distinguished members of the Free Soil Party, will attend.

By order Free Soil Central Committee of Rush county.

J. W. Young, *Chairman.*

Sept. 14, 1852.

Death of John Vanderlyn.—The decease of this eminent American artist took place on Thursday night, at Kingston, Ulster county, at a ripe and venerable old age. He was born in that town in October, 1776, and consequently, if he had lived a week or two longer, would have completed his seventy-sixth year.

The taste for the art in which he subsequently attained such honorable distinction, was developed in Mr. Vanderlyn at an early age. Among his first productions were copies of some of Stuart's portraits of distinguished persons, among which were those of Col. Burr and Judge Benson.

Ohio Star.—Last week, the *Ohio Star* came out enlarged, and giving other evidence of a substantial growth. We rejoice in its prosperity. It is worthy of it. Whether we regard the head-work of the paper, or the heart-work which controls that, we regard it as among our ablest papers.—*Cleveland (O.) True Democrat.*

Death of a Congressman.—*Boston, Sept.* 25.—The Hon. Benjamin Thompson, Representative from the 4th District of Massachusetts, died in Charlestown yesterday, after a brief illness.

Ole Bull a Citizen of the United States—*Philadelphia, Sept.* 25.—Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist, took the necessary oath in Independence Hall to-day, to become a citizen of the United States.

More Filibustering.—We believe it is a fact that, at one or more places in this city, recruiting is going on for a new Filibustering expedition against Cuba; also, that a firm here have received orders for the supply of ordnance and munitions. We trust that the proper authorities will see that our laws and treaties are faithfully observed.

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

The Washington National Monument has attained a height of one hundred and eighteen feet, and may reach one hundred and thirty before the close of the season.

Waupun, Wis., *Sept.* 17, 1852.

There will be a strong vote polled for Hale and Julian, equal to, if not more than for the Whig nominees. You may *expect to hear a good report from this State.* Our party are organizing and going to the good work with spirit. They will hold a convention for nominations in this place on Monday next. More anon.

MARRIAGE.

Married, in Warsaw, Wyoming county, N. Y., on the 15th instant, by Rev. Z. Eddy, Seymour G. Bronson, Esq., Attorney at Law, of Freeport, Illinois, to Miss Mary E. Gates, eldest daughter of Seth M. Gates, Esq., of the former place.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

New York, *Sept.* 27.

Flour, $4.31 a $4.44 State; $4.50 a $4.62, Southern. Wheat, red 95 a 97 cents; white $1.04. Rye, 85 cents. Mixed corn, 69 a 70 cents. Corn meal, $3.87½. Pork, mess $19; prime $17. Lard 11½ a 12 cents.

Baltimore, *Sept.* 28.

Beef Cattle.—$2.62 a $3.62 per 100 lbs. on the hoof—equal to $5.25 a $7 net, and averaging $3.25 gross.

Hogs.—$7.50 a $8.50 per 100 lbs.

Flour and Meal.—Howard street $4.25; City Mills $4.18 a $4.25; closing firm. Rye flour $3 87 a $4. Corn meal $3 50.

Grain.—Wheat, good to prime red 90 a 94: white 95 cents a $1; very prime $1.04. Rye 67 a 70 cents. White corn 61 a 63 cents; yellow 66 a 67 cents. Oats 30 a 31 cents.

Provisions.—Mess pork $18.50; Prime pork $17. Mess beef $16. Bacon, shoulders 8⅞ a 9¼ cents; sides 10 a 10⅜ cents; hams 11 a 13 cents per lb. Lard in barrels 11¼ a 11½ cents; in kegs, 12½ cents per lb. Cheese 7 a 8½ cents per lb. Butter 12½ to 17 cents.

Wool.—Unwashed 22 a 26 cents; washed 32 a 36 cents per lb.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Secretary of the Independent Democratic Association of the District of Columbia, acknowledges the receipt of a contribution of $20, in aid of its funds, from several gentlemen of Baltimore This is indeed encouraging. Just think of it: while Northern Compromise Whig and Democratic politicians resolve to "discountenance" and "resist" agitation of the subject of Slavery, gentlemen in a slave State contribute "material aid" for the circulation of such speeches as Sumner's, Mann's, &c. The letter enclosing this contribution, says:

"It will be a burning shame if such speeches as those of Sumner, Mann, Giddings, Durkee, Townshend, &c., remain unknown to the great mass of the people of the country, for the want of the means to print them. Let the people know, from week to week, the doings and needs of the Association, and the needful funds must be forthcoming."

The men composing the Independent Democratic Association exceedingly regret their inability to furnish the Documents heretofore ordered as early as desirable. They have now on hand, a supply of Horace Mann's speech, Mr. Sumner's speech, Mr. Giddings's speech on the Platforms, Mr. Townshend's speech, and "The Platforms." The editions of the "Document for the Canvass," and Mr. Chase's letter to Mr. Butler, are exhausted. Orders for the speeches above named are solicited. The new postage laws will go into effect on 30th of September, instant. Persons ordering Documents to be sent by mail, should send a sufficient amount to cover the postage, so that the postage may be prepaid. Address

A. M. Gangewer,
Secretary Independent Democratic Association
Washington, September 20, 1852.

ONE THOUSAND BOOK AGENTS WANTED!
To sell Pictorial and Useful Works for the year 1853.

$1,000 A YEAR!—*Wanted in every County of the United States*, active and enterprising men to engage in the sale of some of the best books published in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from $25 to $100, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from $3 to $10 a day profit.

☞ The books published by us are all useful in their character, extremely popular, and command large sales wherever they are offered.

For further particulars, address, postage paid,
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
Sept. 30—2m 181 William street, New York.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

THE subscriber is desirous of having an agent in each county and town of the Union. A capital of from five to ten dollars only will be required, and anything like an efficient, energetic man can make from three to five dollars per day—indeed, some of the agents now employed are realizing twice that sum. Every information will be given by addressing, postage paid, WM A. KINSLER,
Sept. 30—3t Box 601, Philadelphia Post Office.

ANOTHER SPLENDID NUMBER.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Contents of the October Number.

MEMOIRS of the Holy Land—The Dead Sea. By Jacob Abbott.
Illustrations, from Drawings by Dopler.—The Departure of Lot from Sodom. The Plain. The Valley of Arabah. Map of the Dead Sea. Caves at En gedi The Descent The Cavern of Usdum The Ford. Turah-beh. The Levelling Party. Costigan.
The Palaces of France By John S C. Abbott
Illustrations—Plan of Versailles Louis XIV Old Chateau of Versailles Palace of Versailles, Old Court Entrance. Death of Louis XIV. Louis XIV Hunting. Madame Maintenon. Cascades of Versailles. Fountain of Fame. Fountain of the Star. Fountain of the Pyramid. Parterre of Versailles The Grand Trianon.
Napoleon Bonaparte. By John S C. Abbott.
Illustrations, from Drawings by Dopler.—Scene in the Louvre Arrest of Cadoudal. Arrest of the Duke d'Enghein. Napoleon's Hut at Boulogne Execution of the Duke d'Enghein. Madame Polignac Interceding for her Husband
Who Murdered Downie?
Fragments from a Young Wife's Diary.
A Soldier's First Battle. The Capture of a Redoubt.
Memory and its Caprices.
Bleak House. By Charles Dickens.
Chap XX A New Lodger XXI. The Smallweed Family. XXI. Mr. Buckett.
Illustrations.—Mr. Guppy's Entertainment The Smallweed Family.
Monsters of Faith.
Life and Death of Paganini
Number Nineteen in Our Street
Gossip About Great Men
My Novel; or Varieties in English Life. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (Continued)
A Short Chapter on Rats.
A Dark Chapter from the Diary of a Law Clerk.
Monthly Record of Current Events.
Editor's Table
Editor's Easy Chair
Editor's Drawer.
Literary Notices.
Comicalities Original and Selected.
Illustrations—New Illustrations to Byron: Shrine of the Mighty, &c.; But in thy lineaments I trace, &c; The Dog and His Enemies, Five Illustrations.
Fashions for October
Illustrations.—Walking and Home Toilet. Girl's Toilet. Cap.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES are now printed of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, and more than *fifteen hundred dollars* are paid to American editors, authors, and artists, for labor bestowed upon the preparation of a single number. The Magazine is probably read by a greater number of persons than any other periodical published in any part of the world; and more money is expended upon it, for original articles and pictorial embellishments, than upon any other Magazine issued in the United States.

The Magazine weighs over seven and not over eight ounces. The postage upon each number, which must be paid quarterly or yearly in advance, is three cents to any post office within the United States.

Terms.—The Magazine may be obtained of Booksellers, Periodical Agents, or from the Publishers, at three dollars a year, or twenty-five cents a number. The semi-annual volumes, as completed, neatly bound in cloth, at two dollars, or the muslin covers at twenty-five cents each, are furnished by the Agents or Publishers. Four volumes are now ready bound.

The Publishers will supply specimen numbers gratuitously to Agents and Postmasters, and will make liberal arrangements with them for circulating the Magazine. They will also supply clubs of two persons at five dollars a year, of five persons at ten dollars and of a larger number at the same rates. Clergymen supplied at two dollars per year. Numbers from the commencement can be supplied at any time. HARPER & BROTHERS,
Sept 30. New York.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

OF all the numerous medicines extant, (and some of them valuable,) for the cure of pulmonary complaints, nothing has ever been found which could compare in its effects with this preparation. Others cure sometimes; but at all times, and in all diseases of the lungs and throat where medicine can give relief, this will do it It is pleasant to take, and perfectly safe in accordance with the directions. We do not advertise for the information of those who have tried it, but those who have not. Families that have known its value will not be without it, and by its timely use they are secure from the dangerous consequences of coughs and colds, which, neglected, ripen into fatal consumption.

The Diploma of the Massachusetts Institute was awarded to this preparation by the Board of Judges, in September, 1847; also, the Medals of the three great Institutes of Art in this country; also, the Diploma of the Ohio Institute at Cincinnati, has been given to the *CHERRY PECTORAL*, by their Government, in consideration of its extraordinary excellence and usefulness in curing affections of the lungs and throat

Read the following opinion, founded on the long experience of the eminent physician of the port and city of

St. John's, *May* 8, 1851.

Five years' trial of your *CHERRY PECTORAL* in my practice has proven, what I foresaw from its composition must be true, that it eradicates and cures the colds and coughs to which we in this section are peculiarly liable.

I think its equal has not yet been discovered, nor do I know how a better remedy can be made for the distempers of the throat and lungs

J. J. BURTON, M. D., F. R. S.
Dr J. C. Ayer.

See what it has done on a wasted constitution, not only in the following cases, but a thousand more:

Sunbury, *January* 21, 1851.

In the month of July last I was attacked by a violent diarrhœa in the mines of California. I returned to San Francisco, in hope of receiving benefit from a change of climate and diet My diarrhœa ceased, but was followed by a severe cough and much soreness I finally started for home, but received no benefit from the voyage My cough continued to grow worse, and when I arrived in New York I was at once marked by my acquaintances as a victim of consumption I must confess that I saw no sufficient reason to doubt what my friends all believed. At this time I commenced taking your truly invaluable medicine, with little expectation of deriving any benefit from its use. You would not receive these lines, did I not regard it my duty to state to the afflicted, through you, that my health, in the space of eight months, is fully restored. I attribute it to the use of your *CHERRY PECTORAL*.

Yours truly, WILLIAM W. SMITH.
Dr. Ayer.

Washington Pa, *April* 12, 1848.

Dear Sir: Feeling that I have been spared from a premature grave through your instrumentality, by the Providence of God, I will take the liberty to express to you my gratitude.

A cough and the alarming symptoms of consumption had reduced me too low to leave me anything like hope, when my physician brought me a bottle of your *PECTORAL*. It seemed to afford immediate relief, and now in a few weeks' time has restored me to sound health.

If it will do for others what it has for me, you are certainly one of the benefactors of mankind.

Sincerely wishing you every blessing, I am, very respectfully, yours, JOHN J. CLARKE,
Rector of St. Peter's Church.

With such assurance, and from such men, no stronger proof can be adduced, unless it be from its effects upon trial.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists and Apothecaries everywhere Sept. 30

SAMUEL AARON,

OF Norristown, Pennsylvania, has just enlarged the accommodations of his school, so as to be among the most ample and convenient in the country, furnishing seats for about 180, and private study rooms and bed-rooms for 60, mostly two in a room Winter term of six months to commence 1st October next Sept 9—6t

OFFICE FOR PATENTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Z. C. ROBBINS, *Solicitor of Patents*, will prepare the necessary Drawings and Papers for applicants for patents and transact all other business in the line of his profession at the Patent Office. He can be consulted on all questions relating to the patent laws and decisions in the United States or Europe. He will procure re hearings on rejected applications for patents, prepare new papers, and obtain patents in all cases where there is any novelty. Persons at a distance, desirous of having examinations made at the Patent Office, prior to making application for a patent, may forward (post paid, enclosing a fee of five dollars) a clear statement of their case when immediate attention will be given to it, and all the information that could be obtained by a visit of the applicant in person, relating to the novelty of their invention and the requisite steps to be taken to obtain a patent therefor, (should it prove to be new,) will be promptly forwarded to them by mail

All letters on business must be post paid, and enclose a suitable fee where a written opinion is required.

☞ Office on F street, opposite the Patent Office.

He has the honor of referring, by permission to Hon. H. L. Ellsworth and Hon Edmund Burke, late Commissioners of Patents, and to those for whom he has transacted business during the past seven years Oct. 23.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND CHEMICAL APPARATUS

MANUFACTURED by *C. B. WARRING*, for six years Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy at College Hill, Poughkeepsie. He will be happy to open a correspondence with those wishing to purchase such articles or chemicals, or who may have laboratories to arrange. Apparatus securely packed and sent to any part of the United States, at rates lower than the catalogue prices of any house in New York. Terms cash.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan 26 1852. Feb. 5.

KOSSUTH IN NEW ENGLAND.

WE this day publish the Eloquent Speeches of the Great Magyar in New England, together with the Addresses made to him by the Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayors of the different cities which he visited, and the letters from various public bodies. The volume also contains a succinct account of his triumphal tour from city to city, and the manner in which he was received by the People. We have also added his most admirable Farewell Speech made in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, in behalf of his Mother and Sisters, together forming a volume of as eloquent and noble speeches as have ever been published in any language. Kossuth holds the copyrights, and will receive all the profits arising from the sale of the work. This of itself should be inducement enough to the friends of exiled patriotism and humanity to purchase the work, did they not receive more than a *quid pro quo* in the splendid speeches themselves. The volume is illustrated with a superb full-length portrait on copper of the great Orator, engraved expressly for this work, and decidedly the best likeness yet taken. Price $1. Published by JOHN P JEWETT & CO., Boston, And for sale by the principal Booksellers in the United States

☞ One hundred first rate agents wanted, to circulate the above work. Aug. 12—3t

ORMSBEE'S MINIATURE HOUSE,
203 *Washington, corner of Bromfield street, Boston.*
PATENT
DAGUERREOTYPES, PHOTOTYPES, CABOTYPES—
June 3—1y *Largest in the World.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.

III.

TO THE FREE DEMOCRATS OF NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE.

O Heaven-descended Power, DEMOCRACY!
Upbuilder of the People! and shalt thou
To any fleshly presence veil thy brow,
Or to thy recreant champions bow the knee?
What are self-seeking leaders unto thee,
Who heavest the mighty heart of all the world,
At whose behest kings from their thrones are hurled,
And slavery's myrmidons like shadows flee!
Therefore, ye followers of this power divine,
Behold your only Chief! and oh, arise
With earnest zeal, and purify his shrine
From the foul fumes of treachery and lies,
Till the appeased divinity send forth
His purer rays, to wake and gladden earth!

For the National Era.

MY NATIVE HOME.

BY A DAUGHTER OF NORWAY.

Reader, it is no fancy sketch that I tell you, but one that lives on "memory's pictured wall" as really as the scenes of yesterday. Well do I remember the craggy mountain dell, far away over the stormy Atlantic, where I wandered when a child, listening to the hoarse murmur of "old ocean," blending its voice with the low, dismal moan of the wind, that came from the evergeen, heavy-tasseled pine; for there, among that thick green wood of Norway pine—

"The wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies."

To one who has lived ever amid scenes of "Nature's mildest mood," there may be something cold, desolate, repulsive, in even a thought of a mountain land; there is no joy to them in the snow-topped hills; no gladness at the sight of a mountain stream; they cannot feel that—

"Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
One of the mountains—each a mighty voice.
In both, from age to age, thou didst rejoice:
They were thy chosen music—Liberty."*

Ah! how often have I longed to hear that music again; to breathe once more the fresh, pure air of my native glen. Sometimes, when wearied, in the dust and turmoil of a great city, visions of cooling streams and fragrant flowers have blessed my "waking dreams," and again have I climbed the steep path that led from the sea to my father's door: I have plucked the mountain fern, and gathered the shrivelled lichen from the time-covered trunk; again I walk the rocky beach, and pick up the tiny ocean shells, and catch the sparkling foam from the gem-crowned wave; and it melts to nothingness, too, like the eagerly-grasped pleasures of after years, that have vanished as speedily. Though my lot is cast in a sunnier clime, and the murmur of other streams and sighing of softer gales have grown dear to me, yet can I never forget thy lofty hills and barren rocks, my country! Bright golden days were they to me, when

I clambered afar o'er hill-top and dale,
To catch the breath of the morning gale,

as unconscious of my future lot, and as careless of all sorrow, as the stream that ran babbling by my way. As unconscious, did I say? But I verily believe that mountain rivulet knew its destiny; for did it not ever hurry on between its narrow banks? And then with what a sudden leap it rushed from the rocks, and, as if scorning the earth, it flew through the air, now and then just touching the projecting point of a rock, and fell, far below, into the bosom of the ocean.

Reader, have you ever seen a mountain torrent? Have you felt the wild thrill of joyous freedom, as you saw it leap from crag to plain, and plain to precipice? Have you watched its sprayey gems on leaf and flower-bud, glistening in northern starlight? Though I have seen these rock-imbedded brooks, in a thousand various lights and shadows, yet can I never tell the feelings they produce. It has been said, that eloquence can never be written, but must be spoken from heart to heart. Even so in Nature, her eloquence can only be *felt*. Nature has many aspects that can never be described by words. Such is a rushing stream of water; there is something so peculiarly wild and impetuous, and at the same time free and lofty, in its motions, that words cannot convey a just description of it.

But this stream in my native valley is bound with the recollections of childhood to my heart. Strange stories tell the superstitions, of elfin pranks along its border: here, when the misty morn creeps on, the ascending vapors are to them fairy forms who have revelled all night in the glow of the cynosure star; and, when rainbows span the waterfall, Odin himself descends from his Scandinavian heaven, and walks their shining path; and when the Aurora Borealis casts its varying shades below, then demons of war hover over its fountains, and fear seizes the awe-struck inhabitants. But to me it has been an emblem of life—its source was far up among the mountains. I, too, was born among the wild crags of the free, and rushed as fearlessly forth in the sunny spring of life, dreaming as little of darksome hours as did it; but fearful chasms were before it, and rude precipices, and it fell into a gloomy cavern, where light struggled vainly to cheer its way, but never entered; where birds and flowers were not; yet it finally emerged, a stronger current than before, and gave its pure waters to the Atlantic. But, even in its darkest places, it spread greenness about its way. I, too, have had my dreary, lonely way; but I fear that I have not, like it, given any gladness to the weary ones in my way. And shall I, at last, help to make up the ocean of good? Alas! I fear that, though my years have been few, much of life has been lost. Yet, shall I despair? *Never*; though the path be now dark and wearisome, still will I hasten to perform every duty, to comfort the sorrowing, and cheer the saddened, in life's way. And the sunlight may find me stronger, better, nobler in suffering, when it greets me again.

But, did I not promise to tell you of my romantic home? There is an inlet of the Atlantic, a little south of Bergen, that extends many miles into the country, between a bold, rugged country on its northern shore and a comparatively smooth plain on the south. A short distance from Bergen, on the rough side of this bay, stood the house where my childhood hours were passed; it was built up from the shore a few rods, and a path, in some places hewn in the solid rock, led up from the shore to the house; away up above was a large rock, on the summit of which grew a large pine, that hung partly over its edge, and in the topmost branches an eagle built its nest, from year to year. Many an hour have I watched the old eagle carrying sticks to repair the damage of a storm, or fish for her young brood. On her strong pinions she was away at the break of dawn, greeting the rising sun with her shrill scream, on her errands of love for the eaglets in the o'erhanging tree. Then, there was a little grove of great pines, where the voice of the sea mingled with the voice of the forest. There, in that wild, lone wood, have I watched the ptarmigan flitting along the ground, and wondered why it changed its hue from brown to white, where the snow-flakes began to fall. Indeed, I thought its feathers were covered with snow! Then, I've adopted various ways to get the icicles that hung on the bearded branches of the pines above me, but never satisfied when I obtained them—sparkling as they did in the sunlight, I had deemed they were precious treasures. But what I most loved was the scene upon the water at moonlight, and the row in the boat to church, which every Sabbath brought, unless too stormy; and so fond did I become of my Sabbath water-excursion, that tears often filled my eyes when I saw that Boreas would deprive me of it. And sometimes the Aurora Borealis would send his strange, fantastic light upon the water; and then sublimity indeed might be seen. Nowhere do the Northern Lights glow with that fitful, gleaming brilliancy that they here display:

There Aurora dances at noon of night,
And flings a shower of crimson light,
Whose ever-varying hues o'er gleam
O'er rock, and crag, and mountain stream,
And casts each varying change below;
Now, like the morning Orient glow.
Now, with faint hues the sky they limn,
Then fade away, and scarcely dim
The stars, that palely through them shining,
Fantastic wreaths seem ever twining.

But, reader, I could talk ever of my romantic Norway. Her scenes are fresh as the morning zephyr; but you can never know their charms till you have seen, have *felt* them. So

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ERA.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., *Sept.* 15, 1852.

I can assure you that the cause of downtrodden humanity is gaining friends every day, and that, too, at a rapid rate, in the "land of steady habits." Old parties are being sundered, and all that is necessary to revolutionize the State is light on the subject of Slavery.

Enclosed is fifty cents in U. S. postage stamps, for which you will please send the *Era* to Walter Gilbert, Bridgeport, Conn.

WILLIAMSBURG, MASS., *Sept.* 16, 1852.

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way," and *westward* is emigration from New England. There are thousands of families at this moment in New England, who would gladly "move West," were it not for that dreaded scourge of immigrants—the fever and ague. The lands, too, in Indiana and Illinois, are now so taken up that a favorable location costs too much for the means of most Eastern farmers. They are now just beginning to hear of Minnesota, with its perfectly healthy climate, its fertile soil, and excellent facilities of access, and good market; and if half that dimly comes to us be true, it is undoubtedly a second Paradise.

All that is needed to start a tide of emigration, such as never was seen before, to Minnesota, in the spring of 1853, is some definite accounts from actual settlers in the Territory.

We want information as to the advantages afforded, descriptions of the country, and statistics, and facts; and hundreds of colonies will be formed this winter, to proceed at the earliest possible period in the spring.

Will you not, Mr. Editor, grant the use of your columns to some Minnesotian who shall feel disposed to impart the necessary information? If you agree to this, I would earnestly call upon "J. W. N.," of St. Anthony's Falls, whose letters, two years since, in the *Era*, were read with interest, or upon any one in Minnesota who is willing to furnish, through the *Era*, the knowledge that will result in such an accession to the Territory; and I promise, myself, to circulate among the local papers the most important items of interest that may be furnished. H. MARTYN.

"J. W. N." will please attend!—*Ed. Era.*

NORRISTOWN, PA., *Sept.* 20, 1852.

DEAR SIR: At a Convention of the Free Democracy of Montgomery county, held at Norristown, Pa., on the 4th instant, it was resolved that a summary of the proceedings be published in the *National Era*. By an oversight, this was neglected until now, and we only ask you to notice our ticket.

Free Democratic Ticket of the Fifth Congressional District of Pennsylvania.

For Congress—Samuel Aaron, of Norristown.

State Ticket.

For Senate—Dr. Hiram Corson, of Whitemarsh.

For Assembly—J. P. Rutter, of Pottstown; Charles T. Jenkins, of Hatfield; John Fretz, of Spring Mill.

We wish especially to secure notice of the nomination of *Samuel Aaron for Congress*. He is a man whom we are proud of, and we hope to give him a strong vote.

Yours for Freedom, A. E. CHARLES.

KENDALL, N. Y., *Sept.* 14, 1852.

The *Era* is doing much in the cause of political reform among us. It has made many sound converts to the true political faith within a few months past. It seems to carry with it a *double power*—that of *enlightened conviction* and practical operation.

Three years ago, I think I was your only subscriber in this town. Now, you have more than forty. That magic banner, "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men," carries an inspiring energy to many a bosom.

ABINGDON, ILL., *Sept.* 10, 1852.

If you could know of as great a change throughout the United States as there is here, our success would then to you appear certain. In 1848, we polled 25—now, 100 at least, is sure in November.

ORGANIZATION—HOW TO DO IT.

LOCKPORT, NIAGARA COUNTY,
September 18, 1852.

To the Editor of the National Era:

I seldom trouble the *Era* with a communication, but I think enough has been done in this county, to report progress.

We have a thorough organization in every town in the county. Lockport is headquarters, and through our corresponding committee we can rally our whole county in forty-eight hours, if we want to get up a mass meeting, &c.

A business committee meet weekly, (called the Democratic League,) to consult and devise ways and means to give efficiency to our organization, spread documents among the people, get subscribers for the *Era* and kindred prints; in this way an enthusiasm is got up among ourselves, and new recruits are made.

I see from the last *Era* some of the correspondents think the time too short, between now and election, to do much. This is a mischievous error—it is long enough; a short battle *hard* fought, (especially when the enemy is afraid of having more deserters than recruits,) is what will tell. When the time is lengthy, many tire out towards the latter part of the battle—the very time when enthusiasm should be at its highest point.

It seems to me, we cannot duly appreciate the noble speeches delivered by our worthy men at Washington, if we fail *to purchase and circulate them*. The Free Democracy must remember, if they expect to keep members at Washington to speak and act for them, they must back them up at home. When we meet each other, how heart-cheering it is to talk of those noble speeches and their authors; but are we as willing to lose time and money, (*considerable if necessary*,) to lay this feast of fat things before a hungry multitude?

Do not stop to mourn over a Stanton or a Van Buren; "let the dead bury their dead!" In all reformatory movements, we find those whose faith fail; nevertheless the cause moves along, and finally leaves *them* in the dim distance, and others are raised up to fill their places. For instance, although Arnold proved traitor, a Lafayette filled his place, and our liberties were secured.

In conclusion, let every man do his duty, and all will be well; and our noble champions can return to Congress next winter, with the joyful tidings of hundreds of thousands of a constituency to back them up at home, while confronting slaveholders, (*yes, worse*,) NORTHERN DOUGHFACES, at Washington.

Yours, &c., JOHN ROBERTS.

P. S.—The old parties here appear awfully solemn. They fear each other; the Seward men fear the Silver Grays, and *vice versa;* just so with the Hunkers and more liberal Democrats; and all dread us. J. R.

For the National Era.

INDIANA.

Pursuant to previous notice, a portion of the citizens of Rush county met in Convention at Carthage, on the 4th inst. The house being called to order by the Chairman of the Central Committee, on motion, J. W. Young was appointed President, J. M. Clark Secretary, and J. H. Frazee assistant.

Various committees were appointed.

Richard J. Hubbard, being called on, addressed the audience in an appropriate manner, showing the origin and character of the Anti-Slavery organization, &c.

He was followed by Isaac Kinley, who likewise entertained the Convention with a brief and pertinent address.

In the afternoon, J. M. Clark, on behalf of the Committee on Resolutions, reported a series, which were read, and laid on the table to make way for George W. Julian, who, being introduced, entertained the audience for one hour and a half, with remarks which commanded the most fixed attention. In short, it was evident that the large and respectable audience in attendance felt that they had with them this day an able and independent champion of human rights.

He was followed by S. S. Harding, who, with an energy and boldness which consciousness of right alone could give him, wielded a weight of argument beneath which Old Hunkerism must tumble. In the course of his remarks, he took up the Pittsburgh platform, and showed its consistency with the principles held by the founders of our Government, from which, alas! too many of our modern statesmen have dangerously departed.

account of the character and proceedings of the National Convention at Pittsburgh, etc.

On motion, the resolutions were taken from the table, and, with their preamble, adopted.

[The resolutions are of the usual character.]

On motion, a County Central Committee was appointed, viz: Joseph W. Young, H. Henley, John M. Clark, Jonathan H. Gray, John H. Frazee, Jethro Barnard, and Daniel Axtell.

The Committee on County Nominations reported in favor of a separate ticket, viz:

For Senator—John M. Clark.

For Representatives—Jonathan H. Gray, D. Axtell.

For Sheriff—Jesse Leonard.

For Treasurer—Henry Henley.

For Commissioner—Tristram Coggeshall.

For Coroner—Thomas S. Folger.

For the National Era.

ELECTIONEERING IN OHIO.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, *September* 18, 1852.

The Free Democrats of this District held a Convention on the 28th instant, at Reynoldsburg, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress. Several of the delegates from Columbus had gone there with the purpose of resisting a nomination; but all points were fully discussed by the Convention; and when the vote for a nomination was taken, there were but three or four dissenting voices.

On the 3d instant there was a call for everybody, and especially for our naturalized Irish citizens, to attend a Whig meeting at the City Hall, when it was announced the young Irish orator, Gibbons, of Cincinnati, would "hold forth." Everybody did not go, but probably a portion of everybody did, as I saw there Whigs, Democrats, Free Democrats, Irishmen, Germans, and others without "marks." But Gibbons did not come. So Galloway took the stand, and made a strong and candid plea for a tariff on the protective system. His strong illustrations were drawn from the embarrassments of our iron manufactories. Indeed, this seems to be a hobby with all the tariff men. He said that he should look on free trade with suspicion, if for no other reason, because the English people favor it. They knew well enough it would injure us, while it would benefit themselves. How easily politicians can detect the slime of hatred in the movements of all who hold opposite opinions. Men must be our foes because their fathers were, and must conceal a dagger when they proffer a kiss.

Tuesday evening brought here "the hero of San Jacinto." His speech was entirely personal. As a set-off to the interference of General Scott, by which several Irishmen were saved from hanging by the British for treason, he told of some who for religious scruples deserted the American army and joined the Mexicans in the late war. After the taking of the city, he found these deserters among his prisoners. "And," said General Houston, "what did Scott do? He *most magnanimously*, when the war was over, and the army needed no example to discourage mutiny, ordered them to execution."

Horace Greeley spoke in the streets the same evening. I did not hear him, but am informed he spoke of the tariff. The next day the Whigs had a mass Convention. The afternoon session was held in Goodall's Park—a most delightful place, by the way, for rambles, pic-nics, and mass conventions. Here Mr. Ewing edified us with a discussion of the tariff and internal improvements, devoting the burden of his speech, however, to the former. Peroration—ridicule of General Pierce. Greeley followed on the tariff, representing our country to be on the verge of ruin, for the want of protection. The crisis was at hand, and would have been on us ere now but for the mines of California.

Among all the political speeches which I have yet heard by Whigs and Democrats, I have not heard one allusion to the usurping spirit of slavery. I have listened eagerly, but only to see them "turn from it and pass away," whenever some unlucky train of thought presented its unwelcome aspect to their vision. But they are doubtless tacitly defending the platforms which they would fain have us Anti-Slavery men believe they do not stand upon. Meanwhile they tell us, on both sides, that Ohio is to be the great battle-ground. Accordingly, here in the capital, no week passes without two or three rounds of their heavy artillery. But though they affect to despise the Free Democratic party, yet they fear us more than they do each other.

For the National Era.

FREE SOIL RATIFICATION MEETING.

On Monday, the 6th day of September, 1852, a Free Soil Ratification Meeting was held at the Court House in Marion, Linn county, Iowa; and, on motion, Jesse H. Holman was called to the Chair, and Robert Smyth was chosen Secretary.

[Various committees were appointed; the usual matters for a Convention disposed of, and an admirable series of resolutions was reported and adopted, a few of which we append.

Ed. Era.]

Resolved, That we will undoubtedly and unequivocally support, with our whole heart, and do all in our power that is honorable, by our action, to elect the Free Soil nominees for President and Vice President of the United States.

Resolved, That with Hale and Julian we expect the support of all men who properly estimate moral worth and true Democratic Principles, and who wish to see Union, Justice, Freedom, and Prosperity, prevail, and whose judgment and conscience assure them that our principles are in accordance with truth.

Resolved, That upon the Slavery question, the doctrine of the platforms of the Whig and Democratic parties, in letter and in spirit, are anti-Democratic, anti-Christian, and untrue.

Resolved, That Free-Soilers are not men of one idea, but they are the only political party who propose and sustain any great and good measure of National Reform in the present day.

Resolved, That the recent efforts of John P. Hale on the Homestead bill entitle him to the gratitude and respect of the laboring classes, and of every good citizen.

Resolved, That we do now, as we ever have done, disclaim all idea, desire, or power, to interfere with Slavery in the States.

Resolved, That the *True Democrat*, of Mount Pleasant, in this State, is a true and faithful advocate of Free Soil and Liberty principles, and that the interest of our cause and State demand for it a more efficient support.

The Committee on Presidential Elector reported the following:

Resolved, That we have confidence in the ability, patriotism, and Free Soil principles of Allison H. Willits, and recommend him to the Nominating Committee as a suitable candidate for elector; which was unanimously adopted.

It was recommended to the Central Committees of the several counties of the district to call a Free Soil Mass Convention, at this or some suitable place, about the middle of October next.

The Secretary was authorized to furnish a copy of the proceedings of this meeting to the editors of the *Prairie Star*, *True Democrat*, and *National Era*, and request their publication.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

JESSE H. HOLMAN, *President.*
ROBERT SMYTH, *Secretary.*

For the National Era.

WINTERS.

The *Era* states "whenever the winter is unusually cold on this side the Atlantic, the season is uncommonly mild in Europe," (and vice versa,) and asks the reason.

If the fact be such, it may be accounted for thus: Storms are caused by an ascending column or upward current in the atmosphere. The air rushes in from all quarters, along the surface of the earth, to replace the air which has thus ascended. If the storms arise at the South, the cold wind rushes from the North, and the weather is then cold; if they rise at the North, they draw the warm air from the South, and the weather is comparatively mild.

Most of our storms, the past winter, arose in the South; consequently, the wind which passed over us had crossed the frozen lakes, the forests, the mountains, and the extensive tracts covered with snow, coming from the region of perpetual congelation; and hence the cold winter in the United States of North America.

All the great storms travel from southwestwardly to northeastwardly, so that the storm which in the United States would be in the south, would be at the north in Europe; hence their winter would be mild when ours was se-

AN ADDRESS TO THE FREEMEN OF VERMONT.

BY JUDGE HUTCHINSON, OF WOODSTOCK.

FREEMEN OF VERMONT: Now, as the State elections are over, permit me to draw your attention to the infinitely more important election of November next. Permit me to address you as Freemen, regardless of the party names by which you are designated as politicians. This I am pleased to do, because, aside from collateral influences, which too often intrude themselves, you have one common interest, very important to your own welfare and that of your country. And here let me ask you to forget party, and party names, long enough to look around and see where you stand, and why you stand there, and how you came there; and see what hope remains for our common country, and upon what grounds that hope is founded. For what is the use or value of political parties, when all parties and party distinctions are buried in the common ruin of our Republican Government, with all its boasted security for civil and religious liberty? Of what importance to us is the name of that usurped Government which tramples under foot all our rights, and dictates all the measures in the administration of our Government? What matter to us what name is given to that usurped power, whether King, Priest, Autocrat, or Democrat? If we conclude basely to submit our necks and shoulders, and all the political rights of which we boast, to that usurped power, and bury in oblivion those sacred principles of liberty, those eternal principles of right, which nerved our Pilgrim Fathers to fly to the wilderness, to find a resting place for the enjoyment of those principles, and which, at a later day, nerved our Patriot Fathers to rebel against the tyranny exercised over them by the Crown of England; if we conclude thus to submit, no matter what degradation is implied in the name given to that usurped power. Let us look at our *degradation*, and not at its name.

King Slavery, at a time, having fully tested his powers to sit enthroned behind the curtain, and regulate, to his heart's content, all the measures of our Republican Government, notwithstanding, the outbreaks of certain rebellious individuals called abolitionists, decreed a *finaliter* to all these outbreaks; decreed a compromise by which he and his subjects should have full power to overrun all the territory of each independent sovereignty in the Union, in search of their stray property, take it at pleasure, with or without warrant, and compel you, or any of you, or all of you if necessary, under heavy penalties, to assist in reclaiming this stray property, and compel you to pay, from the Treasury of the United States, the expenses of carrying back this stray property to the place from which it strayed, and forbidding you the exercise of all the charities of life, required by the laws of humanity and by the benign principles of the Gospel; and for their compelling you to pay, as a matter of debt, one thousand dollars for each article of such stray property that should escape through your disobedience to this decree; and that at all this you must neither murmur nor complain; the King consenting, in the mean time, to move his auction slave market just out of the walls of the great city, which may be spiritually called Sodom and Egypt, in which slavery is protected by laws enacted by Congress; they having no more right to enact laws protecting slavery, than those which protect murder; and further decreed, as a sanction and security for perfect obedience to this decree, that whoever of you should refuse fealty, and withhold a most solemn pledge to obey this decree of Compromise, should not be eligible to the office of President or Vice President of the United States, nor have any reason to hope for any benefit from the immense sources of honor and profit placed by the Constitution under the dispensing power of the President.

The mandate of the King is obeyed. The Compromise receives all the forms to give it force, if any forms could give it force.

You will readily perceive that the rebellious abolitionists, whose rebellious conduct moved the King to require and decree his finality, have no lot nor interest in the matter, except to avoid the dire penalties of this decree. This, the rest of you who are not shut out from all hopes from it, and by it, seem divided into two parties, called Whigs and Democrats. Among you have been found ten or fifteen aspirants to the office of President of the United States. They all understood the decree as therein stated. They each and all started and moved with this pledge of giving full effect to the Compromise, including the Fugitive Slave Act. Among the many aspirants to that high office from said two parties, two have been selected—General Scott from the Whig party, and General Pierce from the Democratic party. All the rest of the aspirants are left to the disappointment, and regret, and mourning, and shame, of having sought even high honors, by engaging in a warfare upon their own rights and those of their country, in favor of that system of slavery which is condemned by the laws of God, by the laws of humanity, by the common sense of mankind, except in that dark spot in the United States, so dark as almost to make Gen. Lafayette regret his sacrifices and toils, and the braving of dangers to aid our Patriot Fathers to establish our independence, to establish that liberty which is every day despised and trodden under foot by every person who holds men in bondage, or who aids, or assists, or encourages the holding men in bondage.

Does not this present the true answer to the question, where do you stand? Do you not stand two combined armies under Generals Scott and Pierce, upon the battle mount, pledged to support two platforms, which are two twin-dragons, threatening fire-brands, arrows, and death, to all who oppose them, while they fight the battles of King Slavery? As it respects the warfare between Freedom and Slavery, these two armies are combined. As it respects the question who shall receive the spoils of victory, and divide them among his coadjutors, this, I suppose, must be decided in favor of that general who most manfully fights the battles of Slavery.

Does any one pretend, or can any one pretend, with any plausibility, that the state and character of the two platforms, and of the Generals to carry those platforms into effect, is not here truly presented? We think not. What, then, is the ground of controversy between the two parties, as they strive for the mastery between each other? So far as we can learn, each party urges that his General is the most fit person to conduct the army to victory, and divide the spoils; each uttering many things tending to show the unfitness of the rival Generals for this great work of party conquest. I shall not trouble you with any comparison between the two Generals, as to their fitness or unfitness to lead the forces on to battle, or to divide the spoils. But upon one point, like Elihu of old, I will show my opinion. And it is my decided opinion, that in each State in the Union there are not less than eight or ten or a dozen men as fit, in point of suitable qualifications, for the Presidency, as either General Scott or General Pierce; but they have not been brought into public notice by military epaulets and military titles, nor by the halloo that is generated by a murderous warfare; and it is a sad omen to our country, if military fame is the leading passport to civil distinctions. But were these two Generals eminent above all others, in point of general talent and statesmanship, coming, as they do, pledged to support those twin platforms, would render them, or either of them, unfit to be the President over any, but a despotic, slaveholding community.

But what is to be done, or what can be done? Those who are active in electioneering say that it is morally certain that either Scott or Pierce will be the next President. Probably they believe it, and with good reason too. The slaveholders have nominated no other candidates but these two; and who but slaveholders have any right to select candidates for the Presidency?

When our Revolution was about to commence, all the officers to lead the army of the King against the people were appointed by the King. And who else had any right to appoint officers, except the King? No one, surely. If our Revolutionary Patriots had fought under officers appointed by the King, or had folded their arms and stood idle and mute for want of some legally appointed officers to lead them to the onset, what would have become of that Revolution which terminated so triumphantly for liberty? It would have been shrouded in oblivion, like the untimely birth, that never saw the sun. In all political revolutions, those who rise to produce a change in Government, are always traitors to the powers that be, and success creates their only safety. We, the abolitionists, who are so fanatical that we won't fight under generals appointed by King Slavery, are traitors to the King, and his crown litically, as traitors, unless we march triumphantly into the enjoyment of those inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, for which our Patriot Fathers fought and conquered. Indeed, this very decree of Compromise or finality is itself a gallows, with a halter hanging out, for every rebel who moves, or complains of his hard lot, to remain dumb under oppression.

Moreover, this assurance that either General Scott or General Pierce will be elected President, assumes as fact, that you Whigs, or you Democrats, are so wedded each to his own party, so degraded under party pledges and party influences, that you cease to be independent freemen; cease to think and act for yourselves; cease to realize your responsibility to God and your country, for the result of your actions, political as well as personal. I hope better things of you than this assumption indicates. And well I may; for, if you blindly, or unadvisedly, follow the dictates of party leaders, to aid to an injurious result, you can no more throw from yourselves, on to those leaders, your responsibility for that result, than you can deny your personal connection with those actions which produce or aid to produce that result. And what I here write that may refer to you, or any of you, I write in the full belief that you are willing to know the truth, and practice the truth, and that you will act under a sense of your personal responsibility, both to learn and practice the truth, and that in political matters as well as mere personal duties; and that you will weigh thoroughly the evidence which shows the opposite character and nature of freedom and slavery; and be convinced that both can find no finality, no resting place upon the same soil, but one will necessarily crush the other; and being convinced of this, will act and vote in favor of Freedom. In this fond hope, I now present to your view another fact. We who are in favor of liberty, as against slavery, are under no more necessity to fight under the Generals appointed by the King, than were our Patriot Fathers to fight the battles of Freedom against British tyranny, under the officers appointed by the Crown to crush that freedom. A large Convention of Delegates lately met at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, delegates from all parts of our country, men standing and acting and warring upon those inalienable principles of right in our Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; men who would not engage in a warfare against slavery under officers appointed by King Slavery. They presented before the public a Platform of the principles of liberty in partial detail, which you can read in those public prints which are willing you should be well advised of what is going on in support of that liberty for which our Fathers emerged from Colonial Slavery. They also agreed upon and presented before the public, as standard-bearers, to unite their strength, and progress on the road to victory, the Hon. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, and the Hon. G. W. Julian, of Indiana, for President and Vice President; men of as good character and talent as are to be found in our country, and men thoroughly devoted to the cause of Freedom as against Slavery. These men are selected from the band of modern Rebels, as Washington, Franklin, Hancock, the Adamses, and others, were selected from the Rebel Band at that day, to lead in the great concerns of the Revolution. Hale and Julian are as well formed for the present day and crisis, as were Washington, Franklin, and others, for their day and crisis.

Now, in conclusion, let me urge upon you, Freemen, one and all, whatever have been and are your party names and ties and tendencies, to recollect that the powers of our Government are in the people, that you carry and exercise at the ballot-box your portion of those powers, and are responsible, before God and our country, for the correctness of that exercise of your powers; that the great struggle now before our country is between Freedom and Slavery, and must so continue till one yields to the undisputed sway of the other; that every ballot cast at the election of President and Vice President next November, tells and counts either for or against Freedom. Seek, earnestly and boldly, to become well acquainted with the various interests of our country, and especially the interests of Freedom. Do not rest contented to peruse such documents only as the King puts forth and circulates among you, to awe his rebellious subjects into passive obedience and base submission. Do endeavor to procure and read and circulate the late important and truth-bearing speeches of Messrs. Hale, Chase, Sumner, Rantoul, Mann, Giddings, Cleveland, Townshend, Durkee, and others, not forgetting this scrap also. Then go to the polls and cast your ballot as a thorough knowledge of facts, an enlightened conscience, a due sense of personal responsibility, and a spirit of true patriotism, shall dictate. TITUS HUTCHINSON.

Woodstock, September 9, 1852.

MR. PORTER'S FLYING-SHIP.

Mr. Rufus Porter has again reported progress in his novel enterprise of constructing a ship to navigate the air, which it appears is now approaching to completion. This last report bears date on Saturday last, and, for the gratification of such of our readers as feel an interest in the matter, we transfer it to our columns:

Report of Progress in the Business of Constructing the Pioneer Æroport, or Flying-ship, by Rufus Porter.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS: Since the date of my last report, we have had rains every day, which have greatly retarded our progress—the work being of a nature to require dry weather. Nevertheless, I have the satisfaction to announce that the float (the most essential part of the apparatus) is ready for inflation with air, preparatory to the adjustment of the longitudinal rods, rudder, pulleys, replenishing pipes, and saloon wires. Some parts of the work prepared have been admired and complimented by the few who have seen them. The engines are superior, both in construction and style. The floor of the saloon is twenty feet in length by six in breadth, and consists of a combination of upwards of one hundred and forty pieces of spruce timber, and strong enough to sustain forty persons; yet its entire weight is only twenty-five pounds. The floor of the engine-room is arranged to be independent of the main floor; and the engine and boiler are so arranged as to be at any time instantly disconnected from the wheels, and detached from the saloon, should occasion so require, for the purpose of repair or otherwise.

I have therefore, and until recently, expected to find a cheaper mode of producing hydrogen gas for inflation than the common chemical process, and especially as a gentleman had offered to furnish the gas for less than fifty dollars. But he, for reasons known to myself, having recently declined to fulfill his engagement, I have decided to inflate by the old process, only employing zinc instead of iron, and also employing cubical trunks for generators, instead of barrels or casks.

I have already ordered the materials for inflating, the cost of which will exceed $600. The anticipation of disappointment with regard to the economical mode of inflation induced me to sell more shares than was at first intended. But it is gratifying to consider that none of the shareholders will suffer the least disadvantage by the excess of expense in the construction of this first æroport. That our patience has been tried, by a succession of untoward circumstances, I need not hesitate to admit; but still the prospect is bright as ever; the shares are in demand; and two weeks of fair weather will enable me to "report progress" in a manner more interesting to parties concerned.

RUFUS PORTER.

WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT, BRATTLEBOROUGH, VERMONT.

THE proprietor, Dr. R. WESSELHOEFT, begs to inform the public that he has recovered from his severe sickness, and is able again to attend to his professional duties. Former and new patients, therefore, may depend upon his giving due attention to their cases. They will also find pleasant and comfortable accommodations, both for themselves and friends, but will please to remember that the establishment is intended for *the cure of diseases by means of water*, and not for a hotel at a fashionable watering place. Yet to the lover of nature and a quiet summer residence the house has many attractions besides its water cure, for Nature has indeed been lavish of her gifts on the town, and the walks and drives in the vicinity. March 18.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

Monthly—32 pages, $1 per annum, in advance.
Bi-monthly and Monthly—($2 per annum, in advance.)
Six Nos. of 32 pages each, and six of 96 each, making 763.

VOL. III commences July, 1851. This unique original journal treats of all subjects relating to man—presents new and well demonstrated systems of *Phrenology, Physiology*, and *Physiognomy*—and surveys from a new point of view the great wonders of the age. The knowledge of man and the elevation of the race are its aims. Specimen numbers sent gratuitously. Address the editor, *Dr. JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN*, Cincinnati.

Vol. 1, containing nine plates (one exhibiting the new system of Phrenology) and 624 pages, will be sent by mail for

PATENT AGENCY.

THE subscriber continues the business of Solicitor for Patents. Grateful for the liberal patronage he has enjoyed, and for the gratifying testimonials of satisfaction that he has received from those who have employed him, he resolves by promptness and assiduity to merit a continuation of their favors. Having been many years engaged in building and operating all kinds of machinery, and having invented some of the important improvements now generally adopted, his intimate knowledge of mechanical operations enables him to understand and to specify inventions much more readily and accurately than lawyers, who have formerly done the business.

Models forwarded to the subscriber will be duly attended to, drawings and specifications prepared, and patents procured. Models must be marked with the inventor's name. Those writing from a distance must give the town, county and State. All transportation of models and letter postage should be prepaid. Those who desire to have their inventions examined, can, by sending a description and rough drawing, with a fee of five dollars, have an examination and opinion as to the patentability of the plan.

AZA ARNOLD, Patent Agent.
Washington, D. C., 9th month 20th, 1852.

References.—His Excellency P. Allen, Governor of Rhode Island; Edward Lawton, Collector of Customs, Newport Rhode Island. Hon. Thomas J. Rusk U. S. Senate; Hon. Charles T. James, U. S. Senate. Sept 23—6m

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

I AM still engaged in the prosecution of claims against the Government. Such of the soldiers of the Mexican war or their heirs, as have filed claims to bounty land, and had them suspended or rejected, or who have not applied, will do well to open a correspondence with me, as I can obtain their land in a most every instance. There are about 15,000 such claims on file in the Pension Office, nearly every one of which I can have allowed if authorized to act for the claimant. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

☞ Suspended claims under act of September 28, 1850, also successfully prosecuted, and no fee will be charged in any case unless land is procured. Address

Sept. 25. A. M. GANGEWER, Washington, D. C.

PIANO FORTES FROM NEW SCALES.

J. F. WARNER & CO., 411 Broadway, New York, beg to invite attention to their stock of Rosewood Piano Fortes, just manufactured from their new and greatly improved Scales. These instruments embrace some points of excellence entirely original, and not to be found in any others made in the United States—such, for example, as sundry material improvements in the Scales, the Globular Socketed Tubular Bars, &c., &c. They are made of the very best of materials, and by the ablest workmen to be found in the country, are warranted in all respects, and are sold on favorable terms. Second hand Pianos taken in exchange.

☞ *Warerooms 411 Broadway, New York.* ☜
Sept 23—3m

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CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO have lately published, Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons. By Theodore Parker. Two volumes.

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1. The Relation of Jesus to his Age and the Ages.
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3. A Sermon of War.
4. A Speech delivered at the Anti-War Meeting in Faneuil Hall, February, 1847.
5. A Sermon of the Mexican War.
6. A Sermon of the Perishing Classes in Boston.
7. A Sermon of Merchants.
8. A Sermon of the Dangerous Classes in Society.
9. A Sermon of Poverty.
10. A Sermon of the Moral Condition of Boston.
11. A Sermon of the Spiritual Condition of Boston.
12. Some Thoughts on the most Christian Use of the Sunday.
13. A Sermon of Immortal Life.
14. The Public Education of the People.
15. The Political Destination of America.
16. A Discourse on John Quincy Adams.
17. A Speech at a Meeting of the Anti Slavery Society, April 6 1848.
18. A Speech at Faneuil Hall, before the N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, 1848.
19. Some Thoughts on the Free Soil Party and the Election of Gen Taylor, December, 1848.
20. A Speech at the N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, May, 1850.
21. A Discourse on the Death of President Taylor, July 1850.
22. The Function and Place of Conscience in Relation to the Laws of Men.
23. The State of the Nation.
24. The Chief Sins of the People.
25. The Three Safeguards of Society.
26. The Position and Duties of the American Scholar.

Published by CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO., Boston,
And for sale by C. S. FRANCIS & CO., New York.
Sept. 23—4t

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

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☞ Copies sent by mail, under 500 miles, *free of postage*, on the reception of $1 25. Fractional parts of a dollar can be sent in Post Office stamps.

G. W. LIGHT,
March 18. No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

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On and after the 1st of December next, passengers will be carried by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, in twenty-four hours, with only twenty-eight miles of staging over an excellent Turnpike. Fare, $11.

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THOMAS MOORE,
Nov. 13. Agent Penn. Railroad Company.

NEWSPAPER AGENCIES.

V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is agent for the *National Era*, and authorized to take Advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Boston, 8 Congress street; New York Tribune Building; Philadelphia, northwest corner of Third and Chestnut streets; Baltimore, southwest corner of North and Fayette streets.

☞ S. M. PETTENGILL, Newspaper Advertising, Subscription, and Collecting Agent, No. 10 State street, Boston (Journal Building,) is also agent for the *National Era*.

THE TRUE WESLEYAN,

A Religious, Literary, and Family Journal,

THE official organ of the Anti-Slavery Methodists of America, is published weekly, at No 9 Spruce street New York city, at $1 50 per year. Now that the *Christian Advocate*, the great official of the Methodist Episcopal Church, declares slaveholding a Scriptural duty—and the *Western Advocate*, at Cincinnati, affirms that those who don't like a slaveholding church or discipline, will have to find elsewhere than in the M. E. Church "something more to their minds," the followers of John Wesley are recommended to subscribe to this out-spoken advocate of Wesleyan principles. LUCIUS C. MATLOCK,
July 29—7t Editor and Publisher.

ÆOLIAN PIANO FORTES.

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WHERE the largest assortment of Pianos with and without the celebrated Improved Æolian, may be found—all of which have the metallic frame, and are warranted to stand any climate, and give entire satisfaction and will be sold at great bargains. By an experience of eight years, resulting in many important improvements, the Æolian has been brought to a perfection attained by no others. Nearly 2,000 Æolians have been applied, and the demand is rapidly increasing. Elegant Boudoir or Cottage Pianos, convenient for small rooms. T. G. & Co's Pianos are admitted to be superior to all others, owing to their firmness and long standing in tune. Prices same as at the manufactory. Dealers supplied at liberal discounts. E. H. Wade's, and the entire Boston catalogue of Music and Instruction Books, furnished at this store at wholesale.

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WILLIAM HARNED,
Publishing Agent, 48 Beekman street
New York, June 17.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS,

154 *Court street, two doors east of the Revere House, Boston.*

CHARLES H. MORSE has just opened a complete stock of ready made shirts and gents furnishing goods. Also, hats and caps, umbrellas, canes, fancy goods, &c. Shirts made to order.

N. B. Weeds put on hats at short notice, and hats bleached and pressed. July 29.

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J. O. SOLICITS jobs in Carpenter's Work, such as repairing dwelling houses, stores, &c., and putting up and altering any kind of fixtures. He will, by prompt attention to all orders, endeavor to give entire satisfaction to his patrons. June 3—6m

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE third annual session of this Institution will commence on Monday, September 13th, 1852, and continue four and a half months.

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Joseph S. Longshore, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
N. R. Moseley, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
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June 17. Dean of the Faculty, 22 Arch street, Phila.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY,

STOCK BROKER, No. 2 Hanover street New York. Stocks and other Securities bought and sold, and Paper negotiated.

References.—H. Dwight, jr., Esq., New York; C. P. Kirkland, Esq., do.; Messrs. Weeke & Co., do.; Messrs. J. & J. H. Peck & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sept. 9.

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COUNTRY merchants, in making their purchases, should not neglect these desirable and saleable articles. Their manufacture has been much improved recently, and they are made very durable. Particular attention is requested to the

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FROM $5 to $10 a day may be made by any individual, in city or country, with the knowledge of a highly useful discovery, in universal demand, which I will send by return mail, on enclosing to me $1, postage paid, directed to H. S. Holt, Post Office Box No 350, Rochester, New York. This is a *first rate* opportunity for students, clerks, invalids, or any young man or young lady out of business, as it is immediately lucrative in any part of the United States. Sept. 16.

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☞ Prompt attention paid to collections, prosecution of claims, &c. May 20—1y

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A. M. GANGEWER,

Attorney and Agent, Washington City, D. C.,

ATTENDS to claims for Pensions, Bounty Land, Extra Pay, and Arrearages of Pay, and the settlement of Accounts before the several Departments of the Government.

References.—Hon. S. P. Chase, Ohio; Hon. D. Wilmot, Pennsylvania; Hon. O. Cole, Wisconsin; Hon. Ellis Lewis, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Gen. Edward Armor, Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Dr. G. Bailey, Editor National Era; and the accounting officers generally. June 5—6m

FULLER'S COMPUTING TELEGRAPH.

THE proprietor of this work has received the most liberal patronage in America and foreign countries. Its power to solve more problems than all other calculators united, is well known. More time is required to prepare questions than to obtain answers to any business computation—interest discount, loss and gain, mensuration, surveying, gauging, wages, &c., &c., &c. Its use is learned by a few hours' study. A case, with full printed directions, accompanies the work. Address, post paid,

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ALFRED GAITHER, Superintendent.
Office Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad Co.,
Baltimore, August 2, 1852. Sept. 9.

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